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THIRTY SONGS

BY

LADY JOHN SCOTT

(Composer of "Annie Laurie").

. . With Accompaniments by . .

ALFRED MOFFAT.

Edited by DONALD ROSS.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

¶ The Songs from the unpublished Manuscripts; the version here given of the melodies previously published; and the arrangement of all the accompaniments are the copyright of the Publishers. Free permission is hereby granted to sing the songs, and to print the words in programmes on condition that the title of the book and the name of the Publishers are mentioned.

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Editor's Preface.

AS one who knew Lady John Scott in her lifetime, and who is acquainted with all her published musical compositions, I resolved, in order to make them better known, and when circumstances permitted, to issue them together in book form. As the present year is the hundredth anniversary of her birth, it seems to me to be a most fitting time to bring these songs to the notice of a larger public than they have hitherto enjoyed.

Through a correspondence I had with Miss Warrender in connection with the authorship of the words of "Douglas," I was pleased to learn that she had a similar desire, viz., to see them published in one collection and at a moderate price so as to make them available for all classes. I was still more delighted to learn that the Misses Warrender possessed a number of the unpublished Manuscripts of Lady John Scott; and these they willingly placed at my disposal.

I have now pleasure in issuing this, the complete collection of Lady John Scott's songs: sixteen have been previously published, and fourteen are from her unpublished MSS. Those who knew many of the former, with their sweet and plaintive melodies, will be pleased to learn that among the latter are a number of even more interesting songs. Many of these, I trust, will in time be added to our National Songs, through the singing of those interested in spreading a knowledge of the songs of our native land.

In addition to composing the melodies—many of which are very fine—Lady John Scott wrote the words of nearly all the songs; although, as she often remarked in her letters, the songs were written and the music composed at her own fancy and for her own amusement. She was a poetess and musician of no mean order, and her "Annie Laurie" is now the most celebrated and widely known Scottish Song.

The publication of all the songs in a single collection has presented an opportunity of providing them with accompaniments by one person. This was deemed necessary, as the published songs had been arranged by various composers, while many of the other MSS., Lady John Scott had merely left with an indication of the accompaniment. Mr. Moffat, while keeping the new accompaniments free from undue difficulties, has invested the songs with a new interest and more musicianly surroundings. Several versions of the words and music, both published and unpublished, were in existence. With the greatest reverence and with the concurrence of the relatives, I have compared and revised both; to their improvement, I sincerely trust.

My cordial acknowledgments are due to the Misses Warrender for their suggestions and invaluable assistance in connection with the publication, as through their relationship and residence with Lady John Scott they have a more intimate knowledge of her ideas and renderings of the songs than is possessed by any other person.

In the course of editing these songs I have become so imbued with their spirit—both words and music—that it has been a real pleasure to me to have known them, and I shall be amply repaid for the labour and care bestowed upon their production to learn that the same pleasure has been enjoyed by others.

Donald Ross.

October, 1910.

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Lady John Scott.

ALICIA ANNE SPOTTISWOODE—afterwards Lady John Scott—was the eldest child of John Spottiswoode of Spottiswoode, and of Helen Wauchope, his wife. On both father and mother's side she was descended from two of the oldest families in the South of Scotland. She was born on 24th June, 1810, the eldest of four children, who all lived to grow up, and of whom she was to be the last survivor. Her two brothers were soldiers. John, a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Grenadier Guards, died in 1846; while Andrew, the younger, served in the 9th Lancers through the Sikh War and the Mutiny. Her only sister, Margaret, married Sir Hugh Hume Campbell of Marchmont, in 1834, and died suddenly in Paris five years later, to the deep and unending grief of her family. The two sisters had been devoted to each other, and almost inseparable. Their constant companionship had been little interfered with by Alicia's marriage in 1836 to Lord John Scott, the Duke of Buccleuch's only brother. Both husbands were in Parliament, Sir Hugh as member for Berwickshire, Lord John for Roxburghshire; and when in Scotland, Cowdenknowes, Lady John's first married home, was within easy reach of both Marchmont and Spottiswoode.

Lord John had inherited from his grandmother, the Duke of Montagu's heiress, a fine property in Warwickshire, but during his minority, the old manor-house had been pulled down, and it was only by degrees that a new house rose in its place, gathering round it that medley of wood, park, and garden, which made it in after years so beautiful a spot. As both Lord and Lady John infinitely preferred Scotland, they only lived at Cawston for a short time each year; though it was there that Lord John kept his racing-stud. They often thought of buying a place in Scotland, but never found one that quite suited them. In turn they rented Cowdenknowes, Newton Don, Stichill, and Wool, all in their beloved Border-country; while Kirkbank, and Caroline Park, near Edinburgh, were lent to them by the Duke. Kirkbank was a shooting box on the Teviot, of which Lady John was very fond; and from there, with post-chaise and postilion, she explored the furthest bounds of Cheviot. At Caroline Park they lived less often; but its proximity to Granton made it convenient for yachting, an amusement in which Lord John delighted; and though Lady John was an indifferent sailor, she went many a cruise in the *Lufra*, and later in *The Flower o' Yarrow*, up the sea-lochs of the Western Highlands.

In the spring of 1860, Lord John died rather suddenly at Cawston. He had been in bad health for some years, ever since breaking his leg out hunting near Bowhill; but Lady John had not realised how ill he was, and his death was an overwhelming shock as well as sorrow. They never had any children, and her desolation was great. From that time she made Spottiswoode her chief home. Her father died in 1866 at the great age of eighty-seven, but with mind and faculties clear to the last. He left Spottiswoode to his widow for life; and at her death in 1870, it passed to Lady John. Thus, though living to see all those she loved best taken from her, she was spared the bitterness of leaving the spot she held dearest on earth; and to the last, the windswept moors, the rushy fields, and far-reaching woods of her old home remained hers. Latterly she never left them, except for her annual journey to the far North, and her duty-dictated visits to Cawston.

To those who did not know her it is difficult to convey the mixture of originality and simplicity, of brilliancy and humility, of warm heart and deep fearless feelings that made up such a fascinating personality. Those who remembered her in her youth, always spoke of her as possessing great charm and attraction. She was not very tall, but very slight and graceful. Her small head was beautifully set on her long neck; and she had inherited the heavy-lidded deep blue eyes, and curling hair of the Wauchopes. To the last, her skin kept its peach-like bloom and soft pink colouring; while age only added dignity to a distinction which was peculiarly her own. Her sister and she had been very carefully educated. Both were excellent French and Italian scholars, and well read in the literature of those countries, as well as of their own. Lady John drew well, with great

command of pencil and brush ; and her water-colour sketches to the end bore the influence of De Wint's teaching. But the great gift of both sisters was music. Both had beautiful contralto voices, Lady Campbell's perhaps the finest, but to the last Lady John's showed the effect of the perfect training Garcia had given her—her enunciation was so clear, and the modulation of the voice so finished. She loved accompanying herself on the harp, which she said was the most delightful instrument to which to sing. She had thoroughly mastered harmony, and those who recollect her singing will remember that not its smallest charm was the beautiful ever-varying accompaniment, which sprang unconsciously from beneath her fingers. This facility was probably the reason that when she noted down her songs, the accompaniment was either left blank, or very roughly indicated. Her music was part of her life. She was always making tunes, or recalling the old ones with which her memory was stored ; but no one was more humble about her own performances. " It came to me, and I wrote it down," or, " I made it for my own amusement," was her usual answer when asked about a song of her own ; and she was so unfeignedly pleased when any one liked them.

Perhaps her most marked characteristic was her devotion to Scotland, and above all to her own home. This shows itself over and over again in her songs and poems. She used often to say in jest, but a jest that covered a real truth, " I would rather live in a pigsty in Scotland, than in a palace in England ; " and though fond in a way of Cawston, from its association with Lord John, it was always from a sense of duty to her dependants that she went there ; and the greatest joy she knew in latter years was to find herself back at Spottiswoode. Next to the love of her country came the love of her own people. Blood and kinship appealed far more strongly to her than any ordinary friendship ; and this feeling became intensified as years passed on, till latterly her affections and interests seldom reached beyond her own and Lord John's family circles. Though apt to be shy and cold in her manner with strangers, no one could be more amusing when with her own people. She had a keen sense of humour and ready wit, and was a clever caricaturist ; never tired of making fun of anything that hit her fancy. People who did not know her, had an idea that she was eccentric ; but that she was not. She was too honest, too straightforwardly simple, and too dignified. But she held decided views on most subjects, and she always had the courage of her opinions. What the world thought, was a matter of perfect indifference to her ; and she went on her own way unconcernedly.

Born and brought up amongst those to whom loyalty to their rightful King had meant exile and personal loss, she was a Jacobite to the back-bone ; and the same feeling which had impelled her grandfather to risk everything in the Prince's cause, found voice with her in her songs. Her love for the things of the past existed from her childhood, when she used to collect and write down the traditionary songs and stories told her in the cottages round Spottiswoode. As she grew older, and life brought many sorrows, it took the form of disliking any break with the days that were gone. Those she had lost, remained as much part of her life as before. She talked of them freely, quoted their sayings, and was as much guided by what they had liked and approved, as if they were still here. There was nothing morbid in this clinging to the past ; and as the years crept on, and the end drew nearer, more and more she looked forward to the meeting with those she had loved and lost long before. Up to the last her interest was as keen, her spirit as brave and alert as ever ; and considering her great age she was wonderfully active. Influenza broke out at Spottiswoode in the spring of 1900, and she had not the strength to shake it off. She was only ill a few days. On Friday the 9th of March she was up as usual, and in her sitting-room. The following Monday (the 12th), she passed peacefully away in her ninetieth year ; and on the sixty-fourth anniversary of her wedding-day she was laid to rest with her fathers in the old kirk at Westruther.

MARGARET WARRENDER.

NOTES ON THE SONGS

By DONALD ROSS.

AE SMILE BEFORE WE PART, LASSIE.

From the unpublished MSS. Vocal Duet.

Words and Melody by Lady John Scott.

The words were written in 1834, when Lady John Scott was staying at her sister's, Lady Hume-Campbell, at Marchmont.

AFTER CULLODEN.

Words and Melody by Lady John Scott.

From the unpublished MSS., where it is headed, "Lament of the wife of a Loyalist who died of his wounds after the Battle of Culloden."

This was the last battle fought on British soil, and took place on 16th April, 1746, between the Hanoverian forces under the Duke of Cumberland and the Highland army under Prince Charles Edward, ending in the defeat of the latter. The battlefield is six miles from Inverness.

ANNIE LAURIE.

First and second verses altered, and third verse written by Lady John Scott.

Melody by Lady John Scott.

To the vast majority even of Scottish people the name of Lady John Scott will be almost unknown; and it will be news to many that in addition to being composer of the now world-famous song, "Annie Laurie," she was also the authoress and composer of several other songs, some of which have attained a considerable amount of public fame.

Lady John Scott founded her song on the words as given in "Songs of Scotland," edited by Allan Cunningham, 1825, although they had appeared a short time before in a small book of songs entitled "A Ballad Book," by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, privately printed in 1824. This book (of which only thirty copies were printed) was evidently unknown to her; as in all her references to the source of her song she always mentioned Allan Cunningham's book.

In reply to a request by the present editor as to how much of the song was her work, Lady John Scott replied that she left the first verse almost as she found it, altered the second, and wrote the third, and composed the air. It was composed by her in 1835 while on a visit to her sister, Lady Hume-Campbell, at Marchmont, and was first published in 1838 in Volume 3 of "The Vocal Melodies of Scotland" (edited by Finlay Dun and John Thomson) by Paterson & Roy, 27 George Street, Edinburgh. No name was given as to either the author or composer, the accompaniment being by Finlay Dun.

For comparison we give both versions of the words :—

ANNIE LAURIE.

Maxwelton banks are bonnie,
Whare early fa's the dew ;
Whare me and Annie Laurie
Made up the promise true ;
Made up the promise true,
And never forget will I,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay down my head and die.

She's backit like a peacock,
She's breastit like a swan,
She's jimp about the middle,
Her waist ye weill may span ;
Her waist you weill may span,
And she has a rolling eye,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay down my head and die.*

* Sir Robert Laurie, first baronet of the Maxwelton family (created 27th March, 1685), by his second wife, a daughter of Riddell of Minto, had three sons and four daughters, of whom Annie was much celebrated for her beauty, and made a conquest of Mr. Douglas of Fingland, who is said to have composed these verses—under an unlucky star, for the lady afterwards married Mr. Fergusson of Craigdarroch.—C. K. S.

From "A Ballad Book of Songs, etc." Collected by CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE *of Hoddam, and published by him for his private friends in* 1824.

The first publication of the words.

ANNIE LAURIE.

Maxwelton braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew,
And it's there that Annie Laurie
Gie'd me her promise true ;
Gie'd me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be ;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doune and dee.

Her brow is like the snaw-drift,
Her throat is like the swan ;
Her face it is the fairest*
That e'er the sun shone on ;
That e'er the sun shone on,
And dark blue is her e'e ;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doune and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet ;
And like winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet ;
Her voice is low and sweet,
And she's a' the world to me ;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doune and dee.

* Bonniest, in 1854 version, and the word used in singing by Lady John Scott.

From Vol. III. p. 89, *"The Vocal Melodies of Scotland." Arranged, with Symphonies and Accompaniments for the Pianoforte, by* FINLAY DUN *and* JOHN THOMSON.

Published October, 1838.

The first publication of words and music.

It is not surprising that the name of Lady John Scott was not mentioned in connection with the first publication when one recollects that all Scottish songs written or composed by *ladies*, from "The Flowers o' the Forest," by Jane Elliot, onwards, were published anonymously, and it was about twenty years afterwards when it was issued in a series of six songs published by her for the benefit of the wives and families of the soldiers ordered to the East (1854), that her name was given. These few songs having a limited sale, the authoress was truly unknown to the public ; hence the different requests she received from all quarters as to whether it was her composition.

In a letter to Lord Napier, Lady John says :—"I made the tune very long ago, to an absurd ballad originally Norwegian, I believe, called 'Kempie Kaye ;" and once before I was married, I was staying at Marchmont, and fell in with a collection of Allan Cunningham's poetry. I took a fancy to the words of 'Annie Laurie,' and thought they would go well to the tune I speak of. I did not quite like the words, however, and I altered the verse, 'She's backit like a peacock' to what it is now ; and made the third verse, 'Like dew on the gowan,' etc., myself—only for my own amusement. But I was singing it, and, as Hugh Campbell and my sister Maggie liked it, I accordingly wrote it down for them."

Annie Laurie was the daughter of the Laird of Maxwelton. She was born in 1682, and married Alexander Fergusson of Craigdarroch in 1709. Her will, dated 1711, is preserved at Craigdarroch, where also is her marriage-stone dated some years therefore after her marriage. Her father and mother's marriage-stone is at Maxwelton (no date). The grandfather and grandmother's stone is also at Maxwelton, dated 1641.

THE BOUNDS O' CHEVIOT.

Words and Melody by Lady JOHN SCOTT.

THE COMIN' O' THE SPRING.

From the unpublished MSS.

Words and Melody by Lady JOHN SCOTT.

THE CRUEL STEPMOTHER.

From the unpublished MSS.

Words and Melody by Lady JOHN SCOTT.

DOUGLAS.

Words by Mrs. CRAIK.

Melody by Lady JOHN SCOTT.

The song is better known from the words of the last line of each verse, "Douglas, tender and true."

Although published more than fifty years ago, this is the first time the name of the author has been given; and it was through my endeavour to trace the origin of the words of this song that the inception of this collection of Lady John Scott's songs is in a large measure due. (See Preface.)

In a letter to Lord Napier, Lady John Scott writes:—"I saw the words many years ago in 'Notes and Queries.' I don't know whose they are; but I liked them very much and wrote to the Editor to ask if he had any objection to my putting a tune to them. He gave me leave and I did so."

Dinah Maria Craik (*née* Mulock), English novelist, was born at Stoke-upon-Trent in the year 1826; died October, 1887; authoress of the celebrated novel, "John Halifax, Gentleman," published in 1856. Miss Mulock (as she then was) composed music to the words of "Douglas" herself, and words and music were published in a book of songs.

The words have also been set by other composers.

DURISDEER.

Words and Melody by Lady JOHN SCOTT.

The original edition is headed, "Written on a little lonely church and burial-ground in the Pass of Durisdeer, Dumfriesshire," this was a place for which Lady John Scott had always a great fancy.

The original accompaniment was by Miss Elizabeth Masson.

Durisdeer is a village near Drumlanrig Castle, a seat of the Duke of Buccleuch, in Upper Nithsdale. The song was written a year or two after her marriage. A charming glimpse of the scenery of Durisdeer is given by Dorothy Wordsworth, who with her brother and Coleridge drove up from Thornhill to Wanlockhead on 19th August, 1804.

ETTRICK.

Words and Melody by Lady JOHN SCOTT. Also known as "O, Murmuring Waters."

The Ettrick is a river in Selkirkshire.

FAREWELL! MY HEART BEATS LOW.

From the unpublished MSS.

Words and Melody by Lady JOHN SCOTT.

THE FOUL FORDS.

Words and Melody by Lady JOHN SCOTT. This song was also known under the title of "Jamie is gane."

The Foul Fords is a place which lies on a little burn where the track from Greenlaw to Longformacus crosses the march between Marchmont and Spottiswoode.

HER EYES THE GLOW-WORM LEND THEE.

Words by ROBERT HERRICK.

Melody by Lady JOHN SCOTT.

The original accompaniment was by William Hutchins Callcott.

The title of this lyric given by the author is "The Night-piece to Julia," and is in four verses.

Robert Herrick, born in 1591, and died 1674 at Dean Prior, Devonshire. One of the greatest of English lyric poets.

I THOUGHT WE MUST BE DREAMING.

From the unpublished MSS.

Melody by Lady JOHN SCOTT.

The words were taken from "Blackwood's Magazine."

JEANNIE CAMERON'S DEATH SONG.

Words and Melody by Lady JOHN SCOTT.

The original accompaniment was by William Hutchins Callcott (1807-1882).

In a preceding note, it has been mentioned that the wife of the Laird of Moy joined the Prince in opposition to her husband; but the heroism of that lady was equalled if not surpassed by the famous Miss Jenny Cameron of Glendessery, who not only promptly joined Charles with a body of men, but attended him afterwards in all his exploits. Miss Cameron, when she heard the news of the Prince's arrival, finding her nephew, the laird, a minor, and, at any rate, a youth of no capacity, immediately set about rousing the men to arms herself, and when a summons was sent by Lochiel to her nephew, she set off to Charles's headquarters, at the head of two hundred and fifty followers of the clan, well armed. She herself was dressed in a sea green riding habit, with a scarlet lapell, trimmed

with gold, her hair tied behind in loose buckles, with a velvet cap and scarlet feathers. She rode on a bay gelding decked with green furnishing, which was fringed with gold. Instead of a whip she carried a naked sword in her hand, and in this equipage arrived at the camp. A female officer was a very extraordinary sight, and it being reported to the Prince, he went out of the lines to meet this supply. Miss Jenny rode up to him without the least symptom of embarrassment, gave him a soldier-like salute, and then addressed him in words to the following effect :—That as her nephew was not able to attend the royal standard, she had raised his men, and now brought them to His Highness ; that she believed them ready to hazard their lives in his cause, and though at present they were commanded by a woman, yet she hoped they had nothing womanish about them ; for she found that so glorious a cause had raised in her breast every manly thought, and quite extinguished the woman. "What an effect then," added she, "must it have on those who have no feminine fear to combat, and are free from the incumbrance of female dress ? These men, sir, are yours ; they have devoted themselves to your service ; they bring you hearts as well as hands ; I can follow them no further, but I shall pray for your success." This address being over, she ordered her men to pass in review before the Chevalier, who expressed himself pleased with their appearance, but much more so with the gallantry of their female leader. He conducted her to his tent, and treated her in the most courteous manner. Her natural temper being extremely frank and open, she was as full of gaiety as a girl of fifteen. The Prince was therefore much delighted with her conversation, and while she continued in the camp, he spent many of his leisure hours with her. He used frequently to style her Colonel Cameron, and by that title she was often jocularly distinguished afterwards. She continued with the army till they marched into England, and joined it again in Annandale on its return, and being in the battle fought on Falkirk-muir, she was there taken prisoner and committed to the Castle of Edinburgh. She afterwards got free, and was chosen guardian of her nephew as long as she lived.—*Note in "Jacobite Minstrelsy." Griffin & Co., Glasgow,* 1829.

KATHERINE LOGIE.

Words and Melody by Lady JOHN SCOTT.

This song was also known under the title of "When the sun sets o'er the Lily Lea," and was one of the set of six published in 1854 for the benefit of the wives and families of the soldiers ordered to the Crimean War. The original accompaniment was by William Hutchins Callcott (1807-1882).

KILPAULET BRAE.

From the unpublished MSS.

Words and Melody by Lady JOHN SCOTT.

Kilpaulet Brae is in the heart of Lammermuir, at a place called the Lone Mile, near where the Fastnet Water runs into the Whitadder.

LADY BLANCHE'S BURIAL

From the unpublished MSS.

Words and Melody by Lady JOHN SCOTT.

Written before her marriage.

THE LADY DUNDEE'S LAMENT.

From the unpublished MSS.

Words and Melody by Lady JOHN SCOTT.

It is headed " Lament of Lady Dundee " for her husband, Viscount Dundee (Claverhouse), who was killed at the Battle of Killiecrankie.

LAMMERMUIR.

Words and Melody by Lady JOHN SCOTT. *Written in* 1852.

MOTHER, OH! SING ME TO REST.

Words by Mrs. HEMANS.

Melody by Lady JOHN SCOTT.

This is No. 9 of twelve songs entitled " Songs of Spain," which were originally written by Mrs. Hemans for a set of airs, entitled " Peninsular Melodies," selected by Col. C. W. Hodges, and published in 1830 by Goulding & D'Almaine, London.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans (*née* Browne), born at Liverpool, 25th September, 1793, and died at Dublin, 16th May, 1835, aged 41 years. She was buried in a vault beneath St. Anne's Church in Dublin, close to the house where she died. English poetess, author of "The Better Land," " Graves of a Household," etc.

MY PRINCE.

From the unpublished MSS.

Words and Melody by Lady JOHN SCOTT.

Written in 1881 on the subject of Prince Charles Edward Stuart's defeat on Culloden Moor.

REMORSE.

From the unpublished MSS.

Words and Melody by Lady JOHN SCOTT. *Written in* 1874.

SHAME ON YE, GALLANTS.

Words and Melody by Lady JOHN SCOTT.

A Jacobite song.

The original accompaniment was by William Hutchins Callcott (1807-1882).

SIR BERTRAM.

A Liddesdale ballad, also known under the title of " They shot him on the Nine-stane Rigg."

The melody is by Lady John Scott, and the original accompaniment to it was by Miss Elizabeth Masson, contralto singer and composer, born in Scotland early in the nineteenth century, and died at London in January, 1865.

The words of " Barthram's Dirge " (original title) were palmed off on Sir Walter Scott as a genuine antique by Mr. Surtees, who stated that it was taken down " from the recitation of Anne Douglas, who weeded in his garden," and, the better to conceal his hand, he alleged that the words within brackets were inserted by him to supply such stanzas as his informant's memory left defective. They were published in " The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border."

Taylor, in his life of Surtees, supplies the following note by the Rev. James Raine :— " I, one evening, in looking through Scott's Minsterlsy, wrote opposite to this dirge, '*Aut Rob. Aut Diab.*' Surtees called shortly after, and pouncing upon the remark, justified me, by his conversation on the subject, in adding to my note, '*Ita, Teste Seipso.*' " —*Note in T. F. Henderson's edition of " Border Minstrelsy." Vol. II., p.* 143.

Robert Surtees (1779-1834), antiquary and topographer, native of Durham, born (appropriately, if one consider his fondness for hoaxing fellow-antiquarians) on 1st April, studied for the law, but was never called to the bar, succeeded his father in the estate of Mainsforth, Co. Durham, in 1802.

The Nine-stane Rigg is a very curious place in Liddesdale, on a moor of the Duke of Buccleuch's called Newlands, where Lord John Scott used often to go to stalk blackcock. It is a Druidical Circle, and all sorts of stories are told about it. They say it was there that Lord Soulis was boiled in a cauldron of lead.

THE SPECTRE'S LULLABY.

Words by James Hogg (The Ettrick Shepherd).

Melody by Lady John Scott.

These verses are from " The Queen's Wake," Hogg's finest work both in conception and finish. It was published in 1813, and contains " Kilmeny," a fine work of imagination, and " The Witch of Fife," a real work of fancy. The " Spectre's Cradle Song " (as it is called in the poem), occurs in " Night the Second."

The words of the second verse were altered by Lady John Scott (who it must be remembered was herself a poetess) to make them more suitable for setting to music.

James Hogg, commonly called " The Ettrick Shepherd," was born at Ettrick Dale in the valley of the Ettrick, Selkirkshire. The precise date of his birth is unknown, but according to the Baptismal Register of the parish of Ettrick, he was baptized on the 9th December, 1770. He died on the 21st November, 1835, at the farm of Altrive, in Yarrow, granted rent free to him in his later years by the Duke of Buccleuch. Among Scottish poets he ranks next to Burns.

THINK ON ME.

From the unpublished MSS.

Words and Melody by Lady John Scott.

WEEP FOR THE MOURNERS.

From the unpublished MSS.

Melody by Lady John Scott.

The words are entitled " A Jewish Dirge," but the author has not been traced.

WHEN WE FIRST RADE DOWN ETTRICK.

From the unpublished MSS.

Words and Melody by Lady JOHN SCOTT.

YOUNG RANDAL.

The words of this ballad are by ROBERT CHAMBERS.

The Melody by Lady JOHN SCOTT.

The author wrote it to the tune of "There grows a bonnie brier bush," and it was sung to that air by the late David Kennedy, the Scottish vocalist, in his entertainments.

Robert Chambers, well known for his connection with the publishing house of W. & R. Chambers, Edinburgh, was born on the 10th July, 1802, at Peebles, and died at St. Andrews the 17th March, 1871. He contributed largely to our works on Scottish history and biography; also wrote a number of poems, the best known of which is "Young Randal."

YOUR VOICES ARE NOT HUSHED.

Words and Melody by Lady JOHN SCOTT.

The song was written at Marchmont, Berwickshire, in 1842, three years after the death of her sister, Lady Hume-Campbell, which took place on 16th October, 1839. The original accompaniment was by William Hutchins Callcott (1807-1882).

THE LIBRARY
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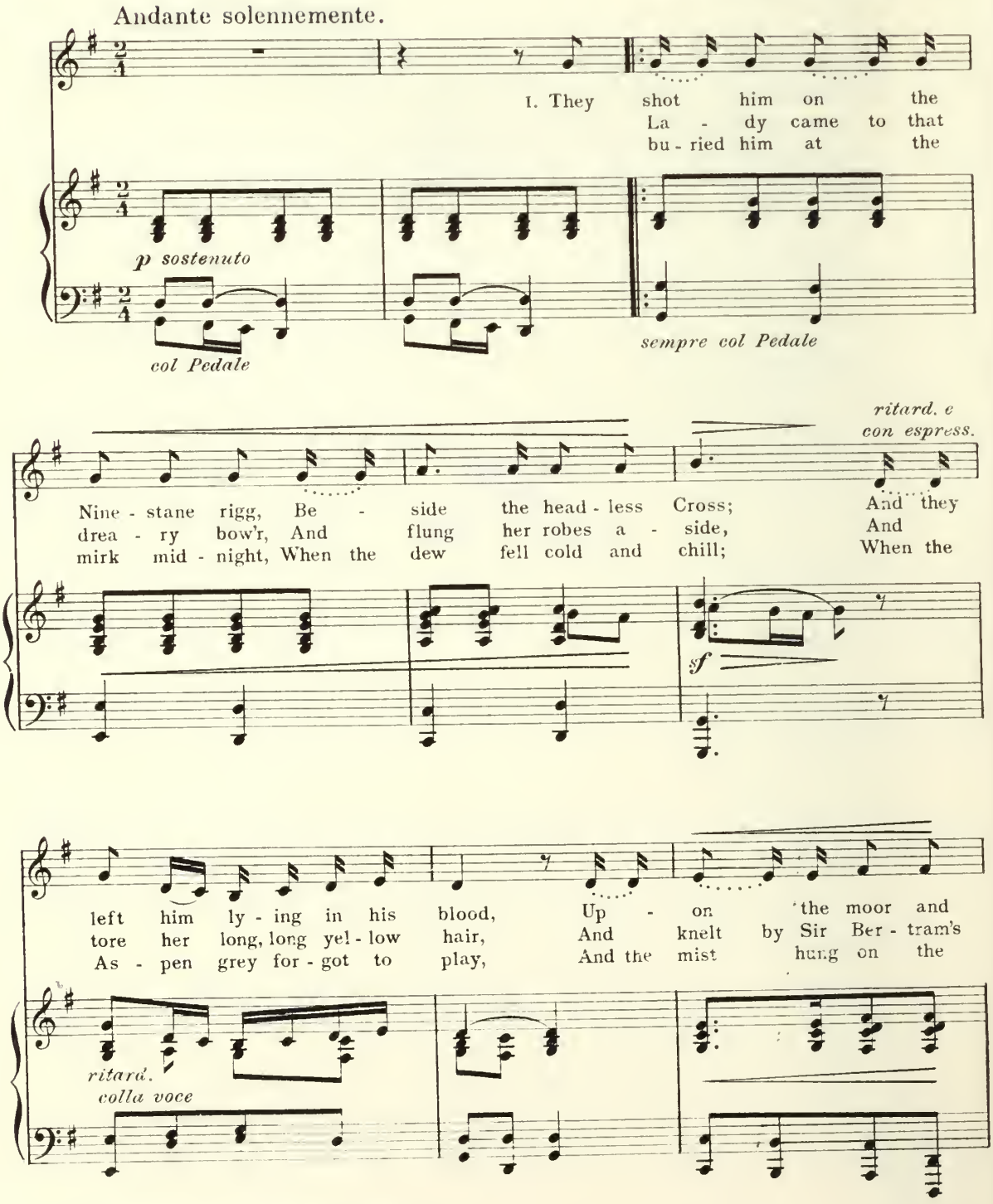
Sir Bertram.

A Liddesdale Ballad.

Melody by Lady JOHN SCOTT.



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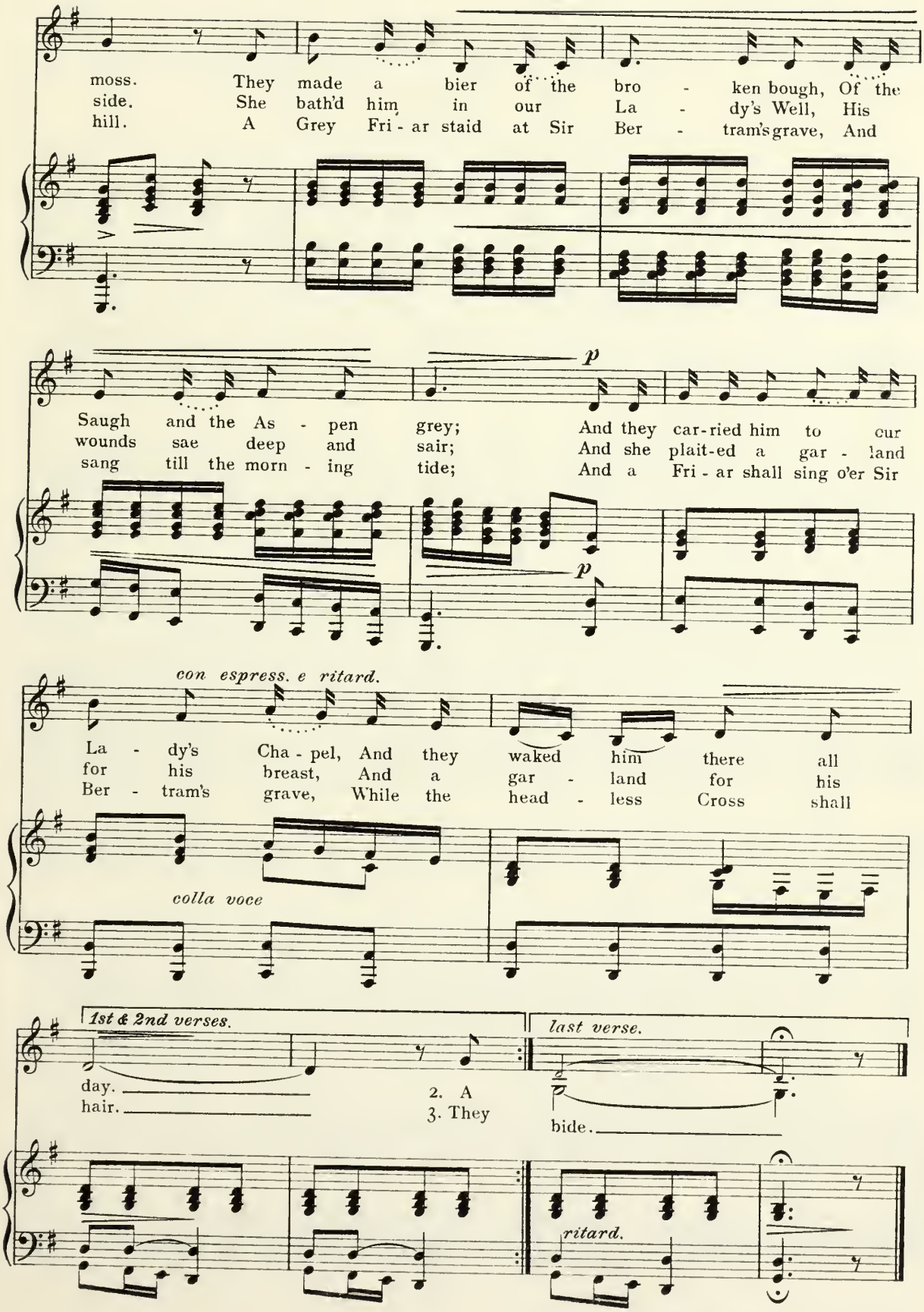
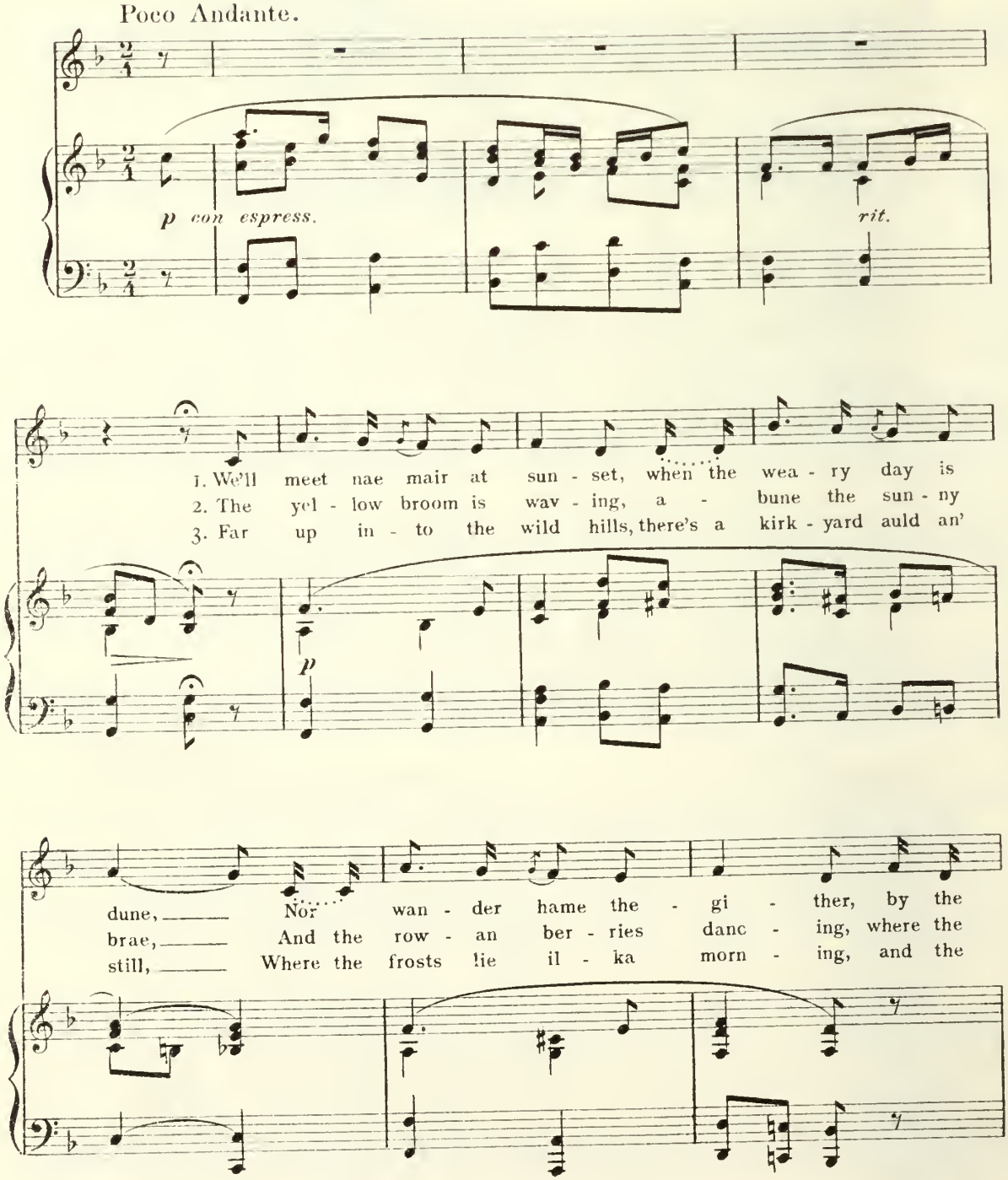

moss. They made a bier of the bro - ken bough, Of the
side. She bath'd him in our La - dy's Well, His
hill. A Grey Fri - ar staid at Sir Ber - tram's grave, And
p
Saugh and the As - pen grey; And they car-ried him to cur
wounds sae deep and sair; And she plait-ed a gar - land
sang till the morn - ing tide; And a Fri - ar shall sing o'er Sir
p
con espress. e ritard.
La - dy's Cha - pel, And they waked him there all
for his breast, And a gar - land for his
Ber - tram's grave, While the head - less Cross shall
colla voce
1st & 2nd verses.
day.
hair.
2. A
3. They
last verse.
bide.
ritard.

DURISDEER.

Words and Melody by Lady JOHN SCOTT.



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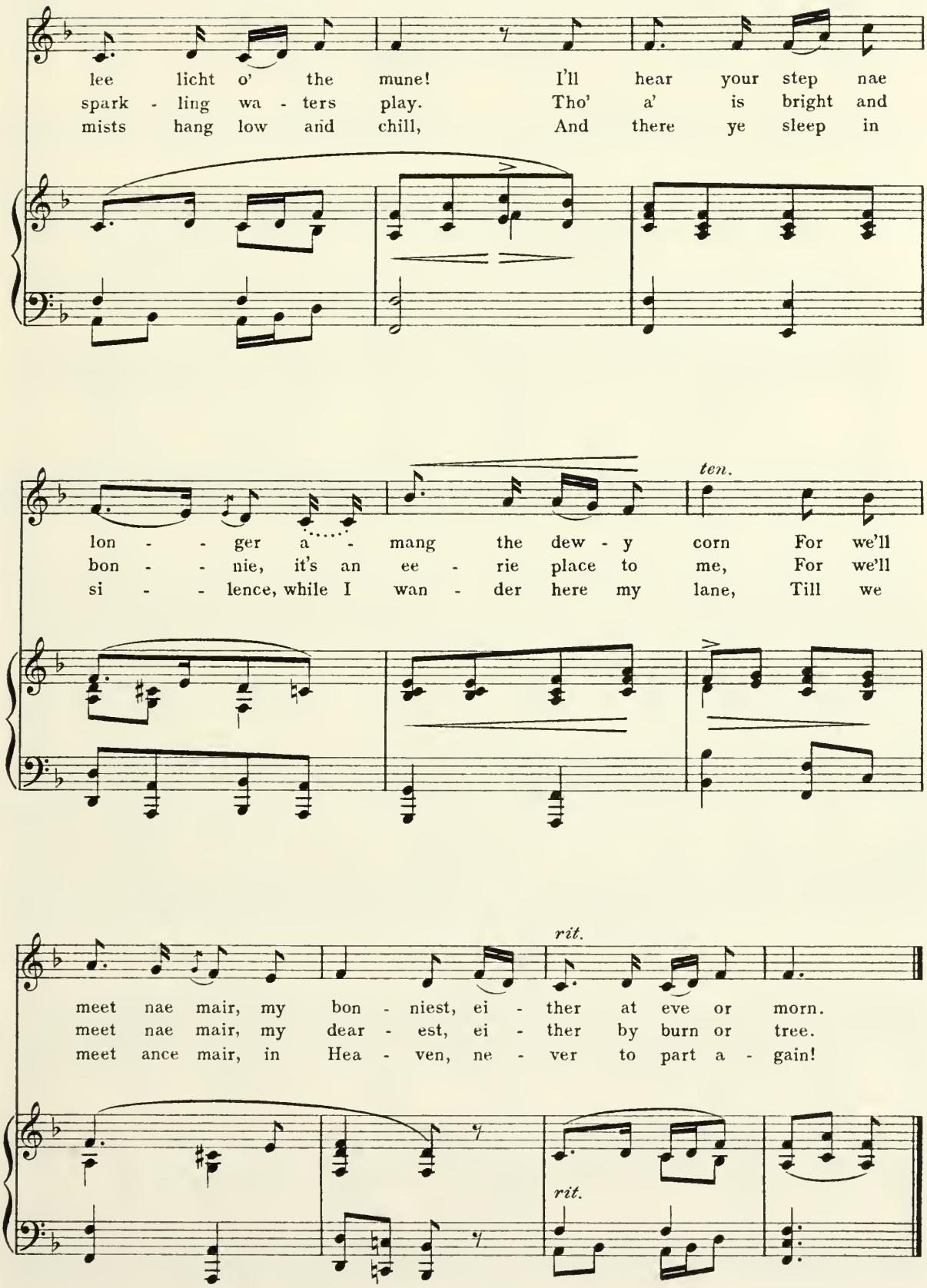
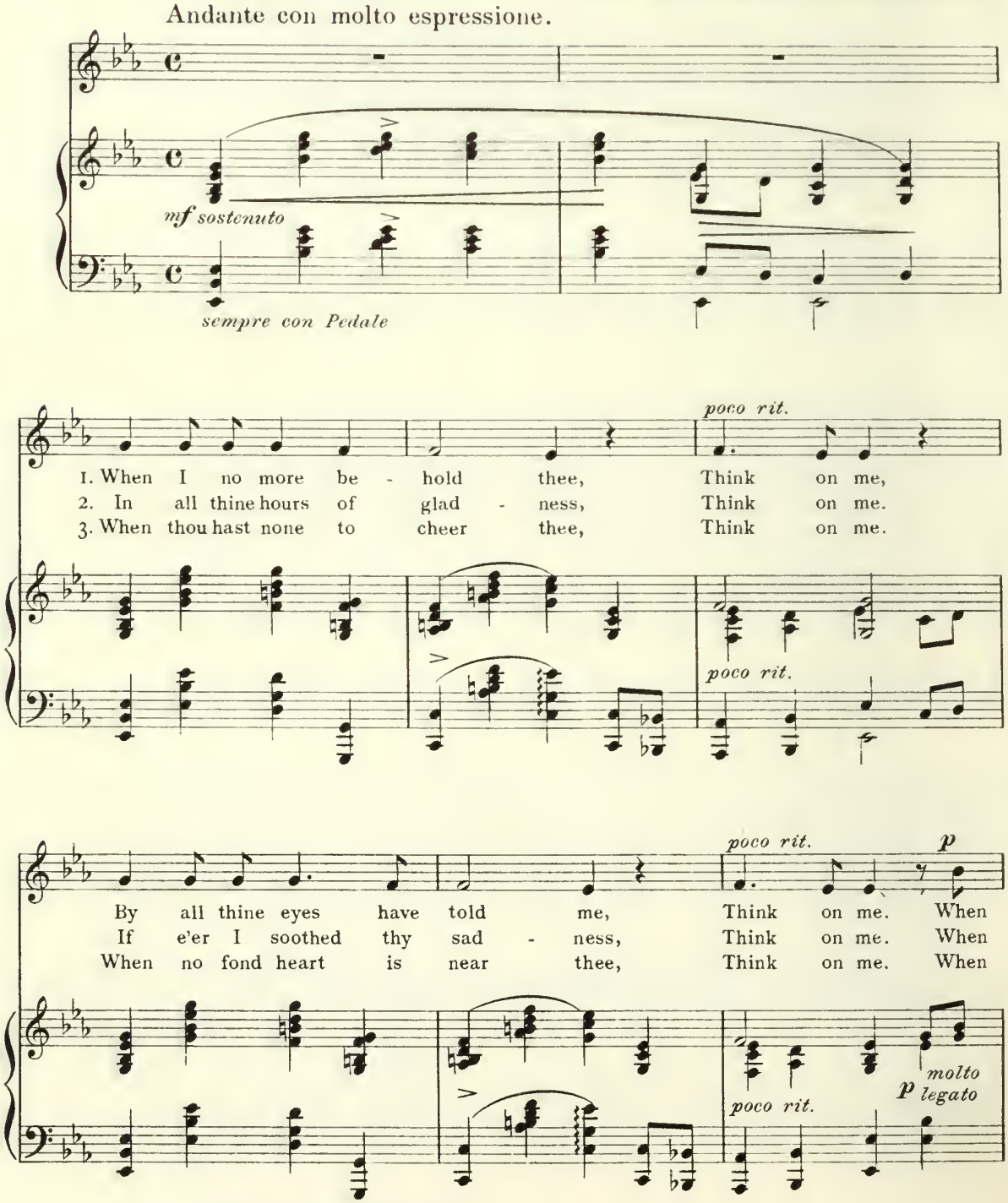

lee licht o' the mune! I'll hear your step nae
spark - ling wa - ters play. Tho' a' is bright and
mists hang low and chill, And there ye sleep in
lon - - ger a' - mang the dew - y corn For we'll
bon - - nie, it's an ee - rie place to me, For we'll
si - - lence, while I wan - der here my lane, Till we
ten.
meet nae mair, my bon - niest, ei - ther at eve or morn.
meet nae mair, my dear - est, ei - ther by burn or tree.
meet ance mair, in Hea - ven, ne - ver to part a - gain!
rit.
rit.

THINK ON ME.

When I no more behold thee.

Words and Melody by Lady JOHN SCOTT.



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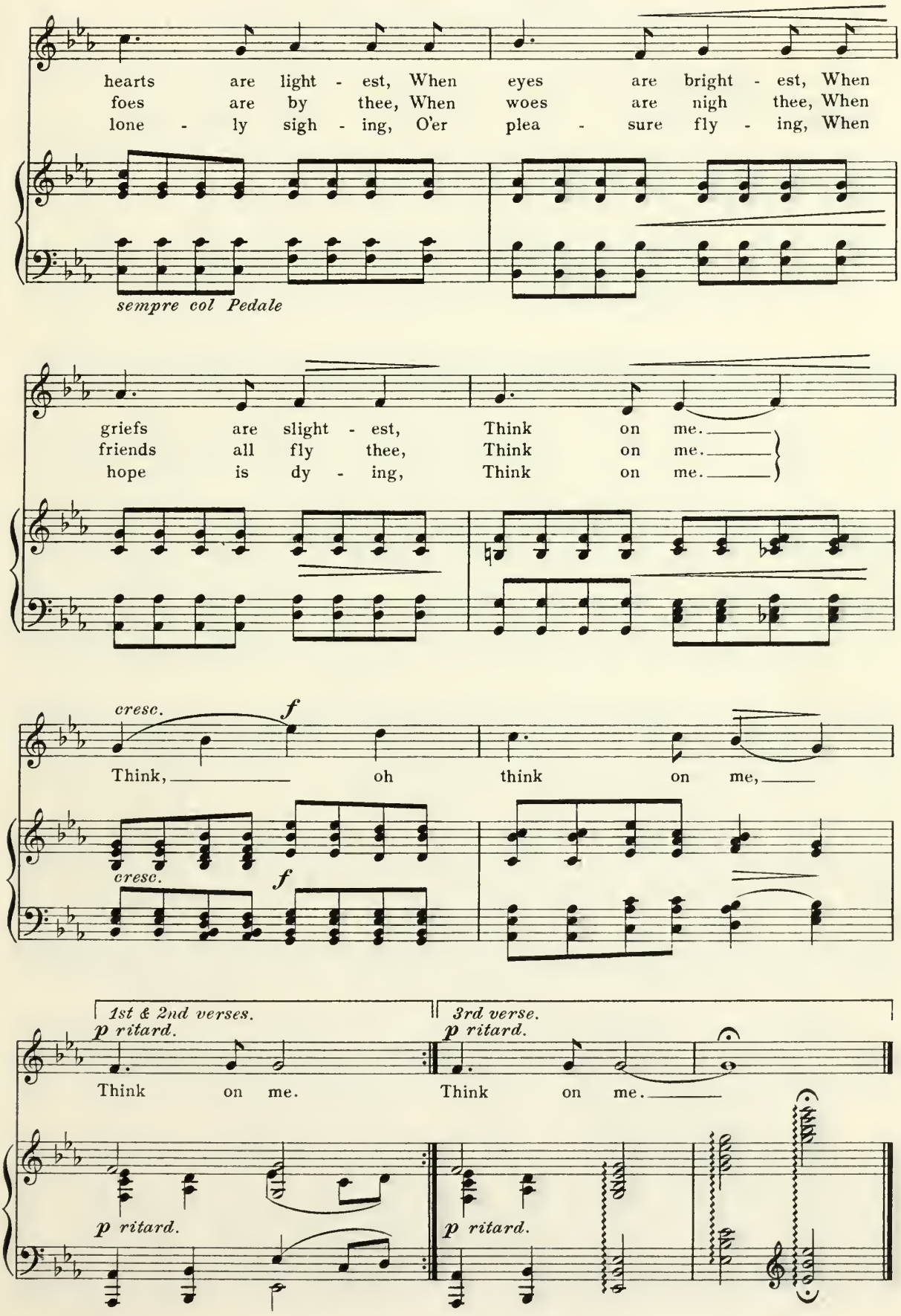
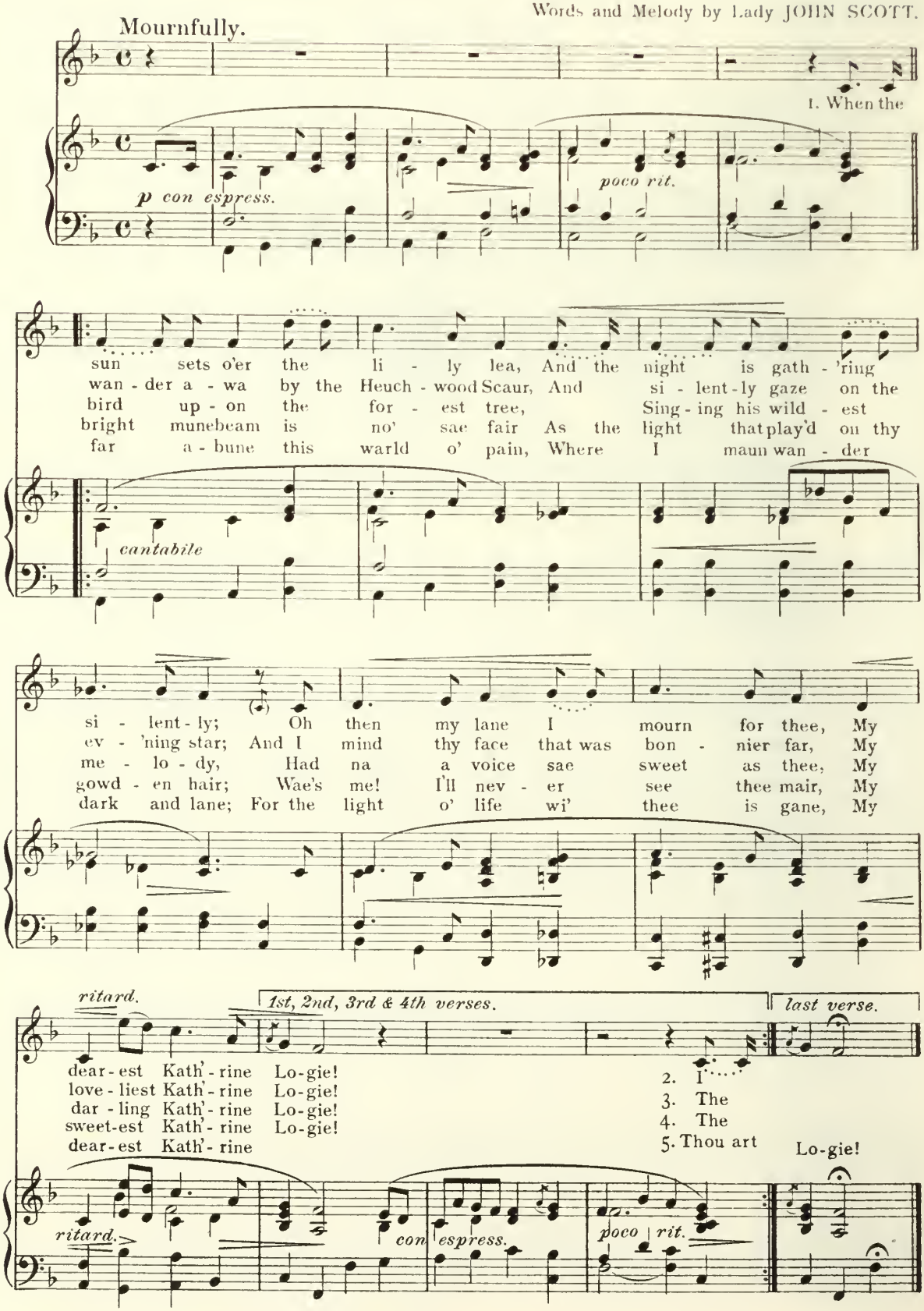

hearts are light - est, When eyes are bright - est, When
foes are by thee, When woes are nigh thee, When
lone - ly sigh - ing, O'er plea - sure fly - ing, When
sempre col Pedale
griefs are slight - est, Think on me.
friends all fly thee, Think on me.
hope is dy - ing, Think on me.
cresc.
f
Think, oh think on me,
cresc.
f
1st & 2nd verses.
p ritard.
Think on me.
3rd verse.
p ritard.
Think on me.
p ritard.
p ritard.

KATHERINE LOGIE.

When the Sun sets o'er the Lily Lea.

Words and Melody by Lady JOHN SCOTT.



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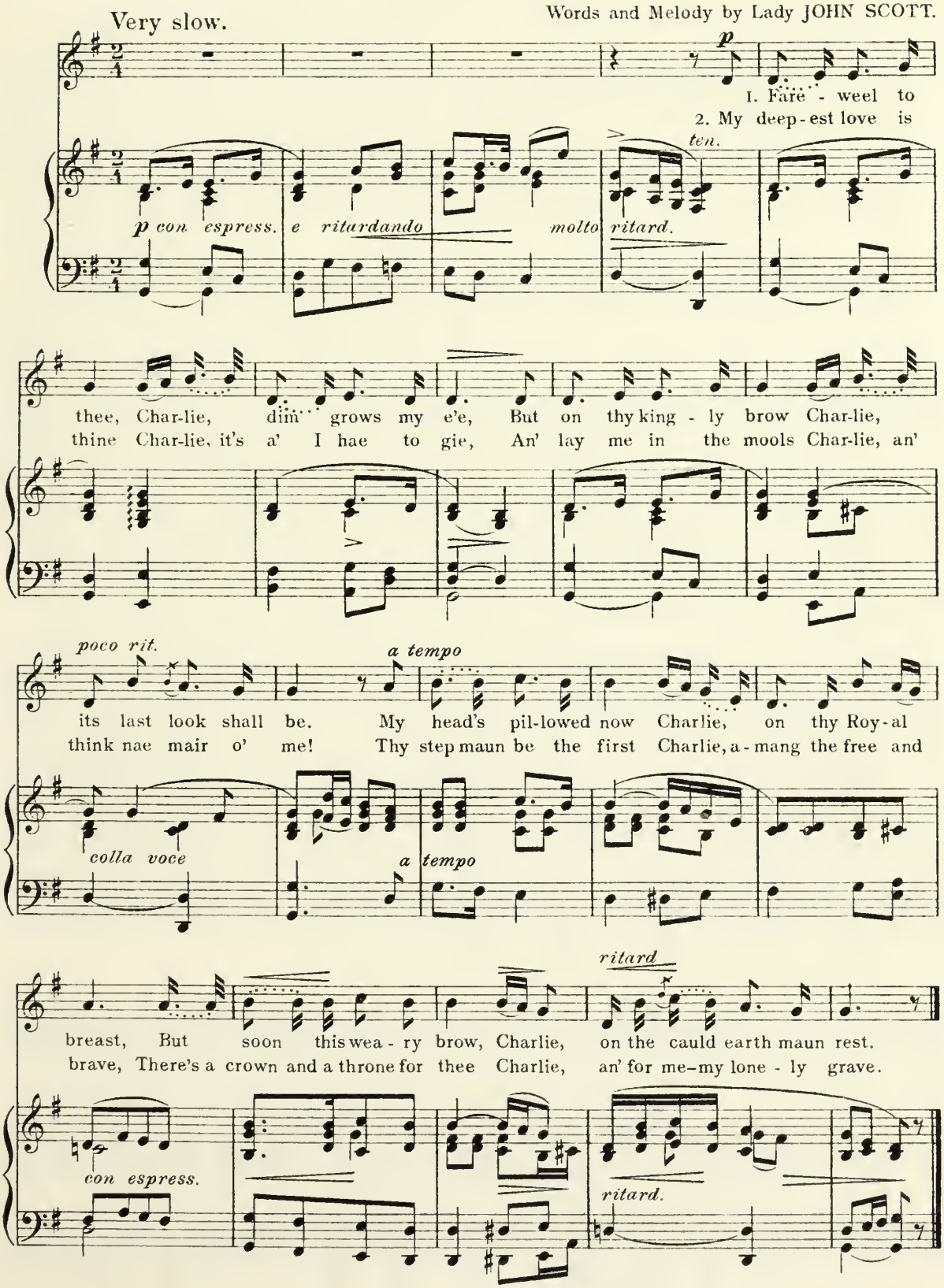
JEANNIE CAMERON'S DEATH SONG.

Words and Melody by Lady JOHN SCOTT.



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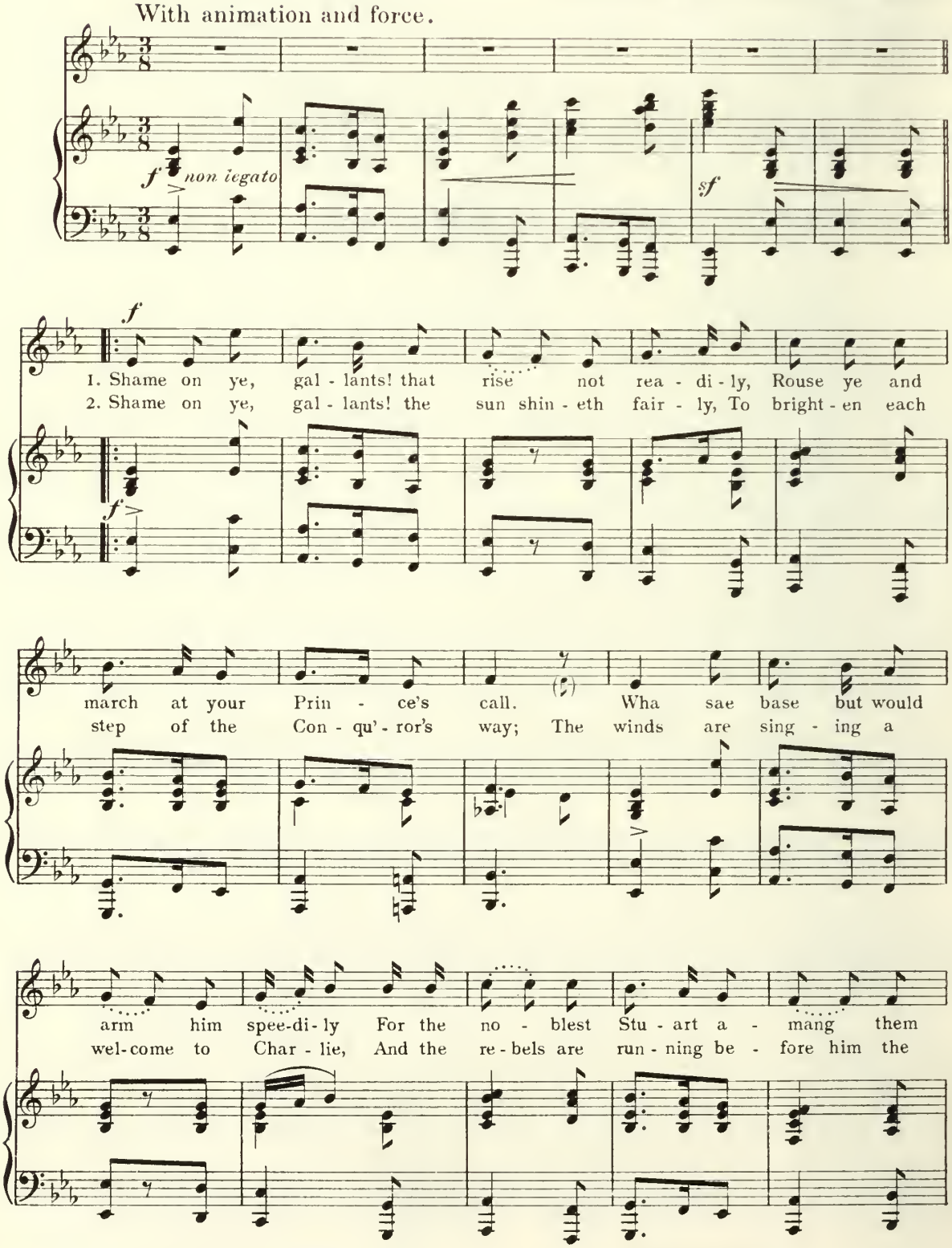
SHAME ON YE GALLANTS.

A Jacobite Song.

Words and Melody by Lady JOHN SCOTT.



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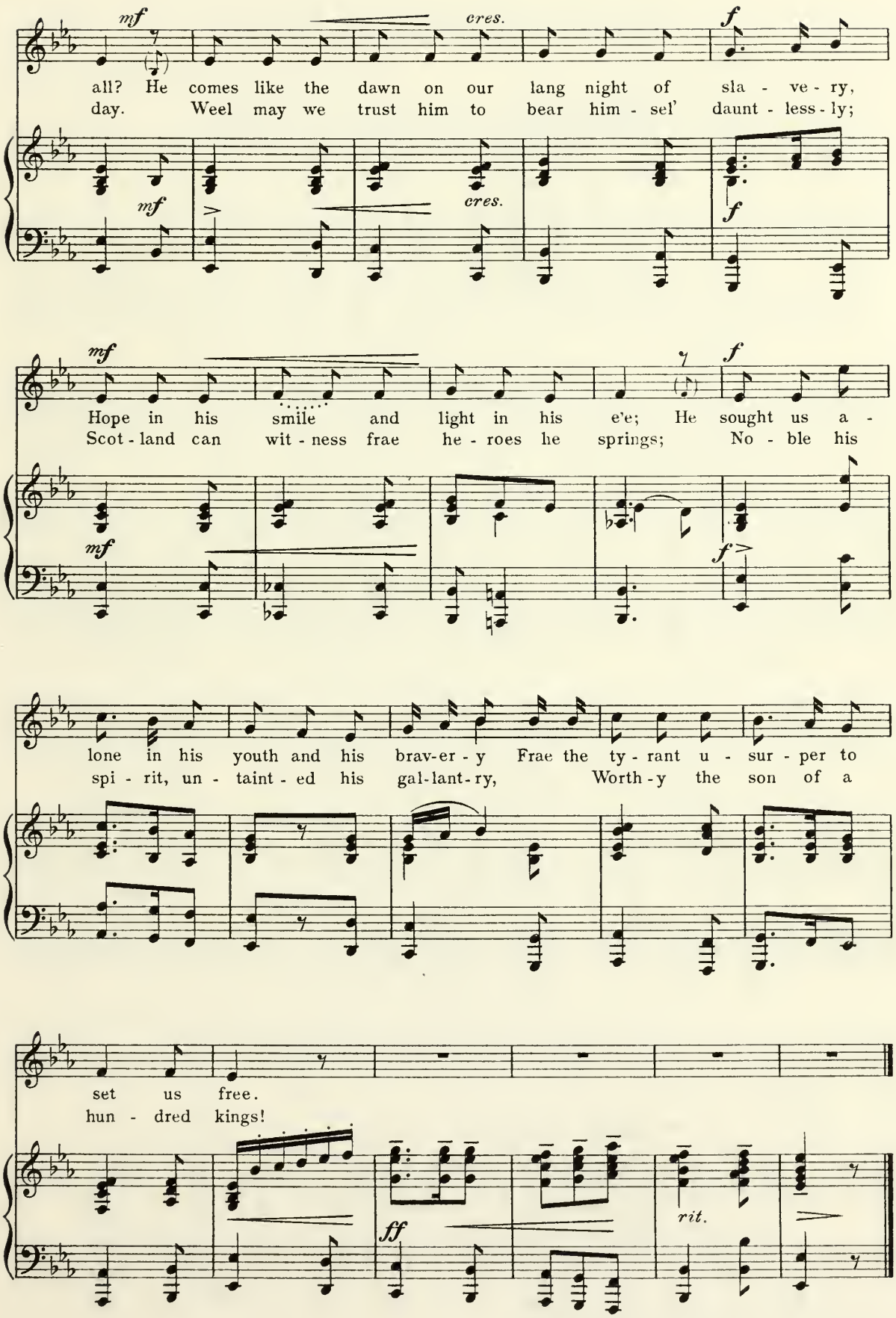
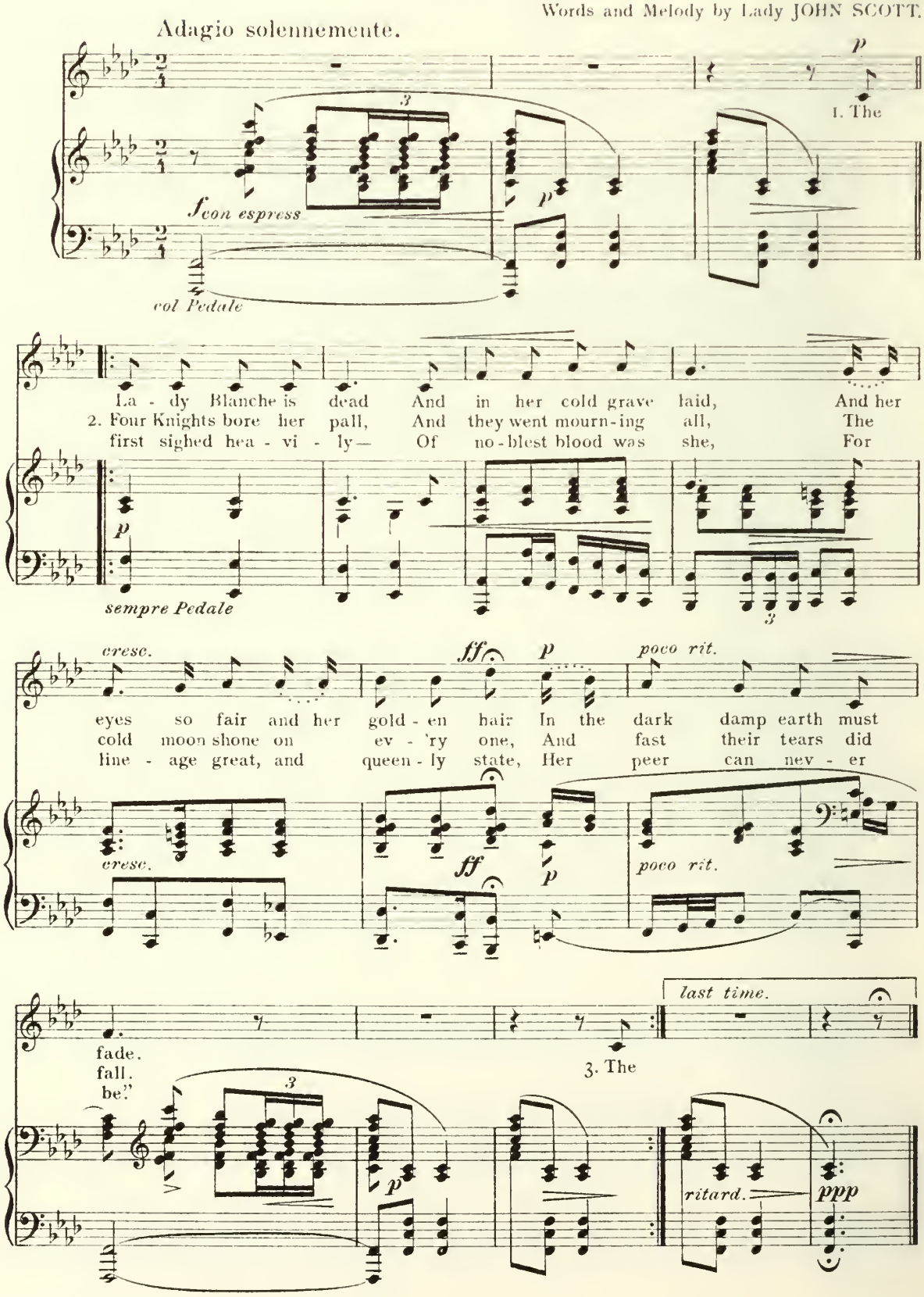

mf
cres.
f
all? He comes like the dawn on our lang night of sla - ve - ry,
day. Weel may we trust him to bear him - sel' daunt - less - ly;
mf
cres.
f
mf
f
Hope in his smile and light in his e'e; He sought us a -
Scot - land can wit - ness frae he - roes he springs; No - ble his
mf
f
lone in his youth and his brav-er - y Frae the ty - rant u - sur - per to
spi - rit, un - taint - ed his gal-lant-ry, Worth - y the son of a
set us free.
hun - dred kings!
ff
rit.

THE LADY BLANCHE'S BURIAL.

Words and Melody by Lady JOHN SCOTT.



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The Lady Blanche's Burial.

The Lady Blanche is dead
And in her cold grave laid,
And her eyes so fair, and her golden hair
In the dark damp earth must fade.

Four Knights bore her pall,
And they went mourning all,
The cold moon shone on every one,
And fast their tears did fall.

The first sighed heavily—
"Of noblest blood was she,
For lineage great, and queenly state,
Her peer can never be."

The second wept full sore—
"Shall I never see her more?
Her beauty bright was my delight,
And now my dream is o'er."

The third Knight wildly cried—
"O would she had not died!
Of lands so fair, she was the heir,
And of coffers of gold beside."

The fourth spoke sad and slow—
"O death, thou hast laid low
The sweetest flower, and from this hour
The world is a world of woe!"

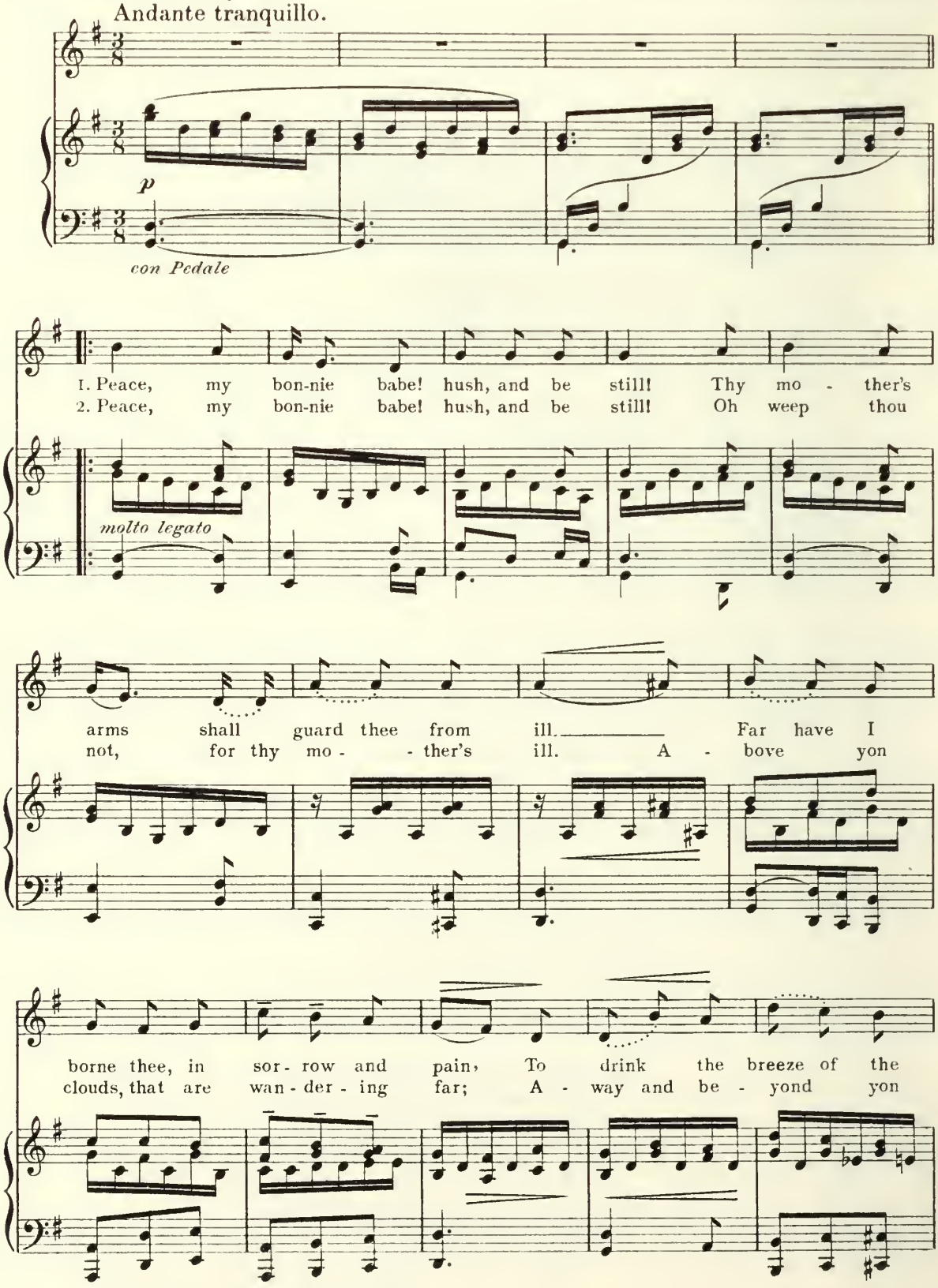
Her dirge rose wild and deep—
"Mourn not her early sleep,
Her beauty and power, her lands and dower,
Are left,—but she doth not weep.

"The flowers of Heaven are fair,
And she blooms the sweetest there,
And the stars of night are not more bright
Than the crown on her golden hair."

THE SPECTRE'S LULLABY.

Words by JAMES HOGG. 1770-1835.
(The Ettrick Shepherd)

Melody by Lady JOHN SCOTT.



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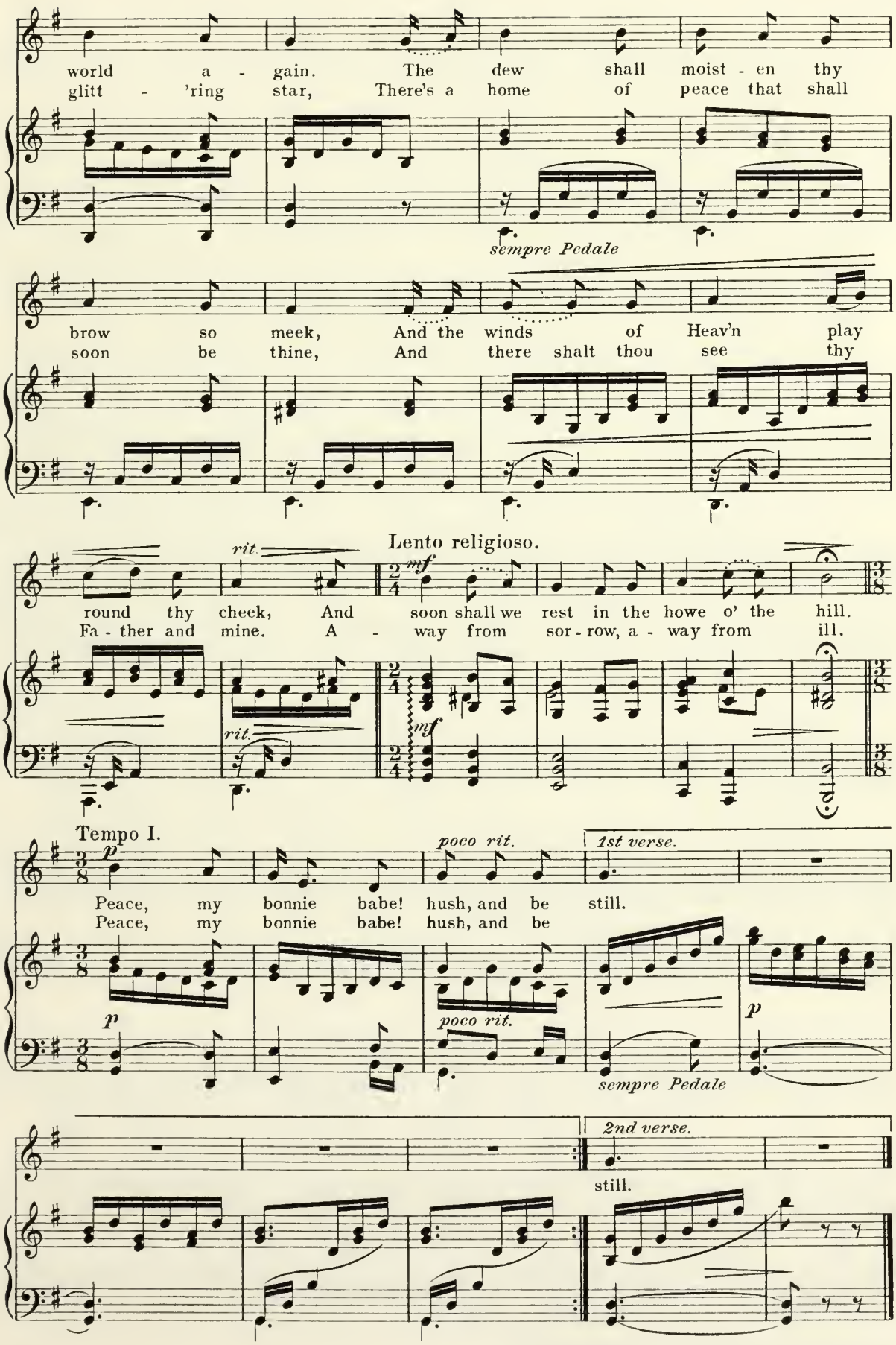
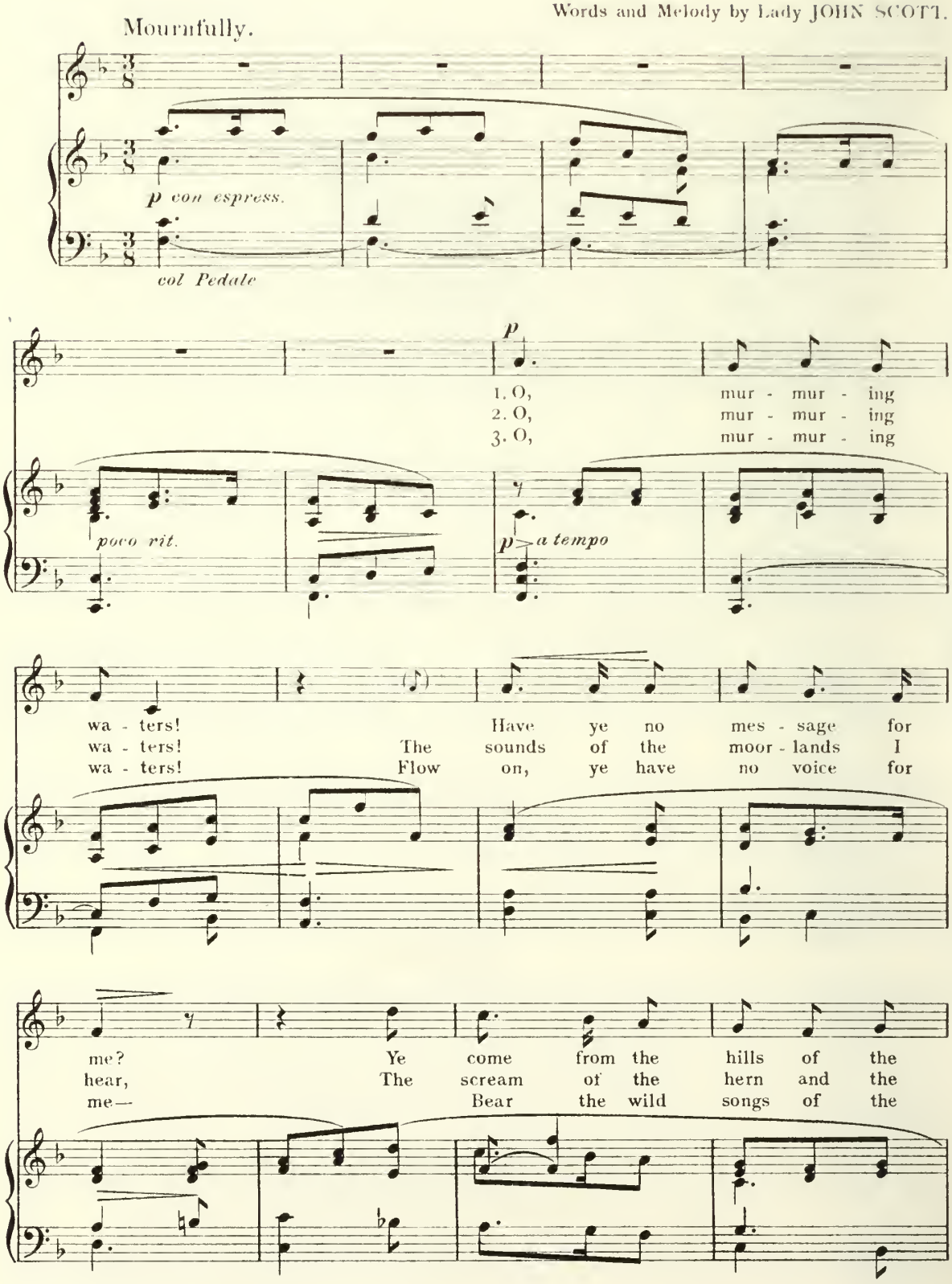

world a - gain. The dew shall moist - en thy
glitt - 'ring star, There's a home of peace that shall
sempre Pedale
brow so meek, And the winds of Heav'n play
soon be thine, And there shalt thou see thy
Lento religioso.
rit.
mf
round thy cheek, And soon shall we rest in the howe o' the hill.
Fa - ther and mine. A - way from sor - row, a - way from ill.
rit.
mf
Tempo I.
p
poco rit.
1st verse.
Peace, my bonnie babe! hush, and be still.
Peace, my bonnie babe! hush, and be
p
poco rit.
p
sempre Pedale
2nd verse.
still.

O, MURMURING WATERS.

(Ettrick.)

Words and Melody by Lady JOHN SCOTT.



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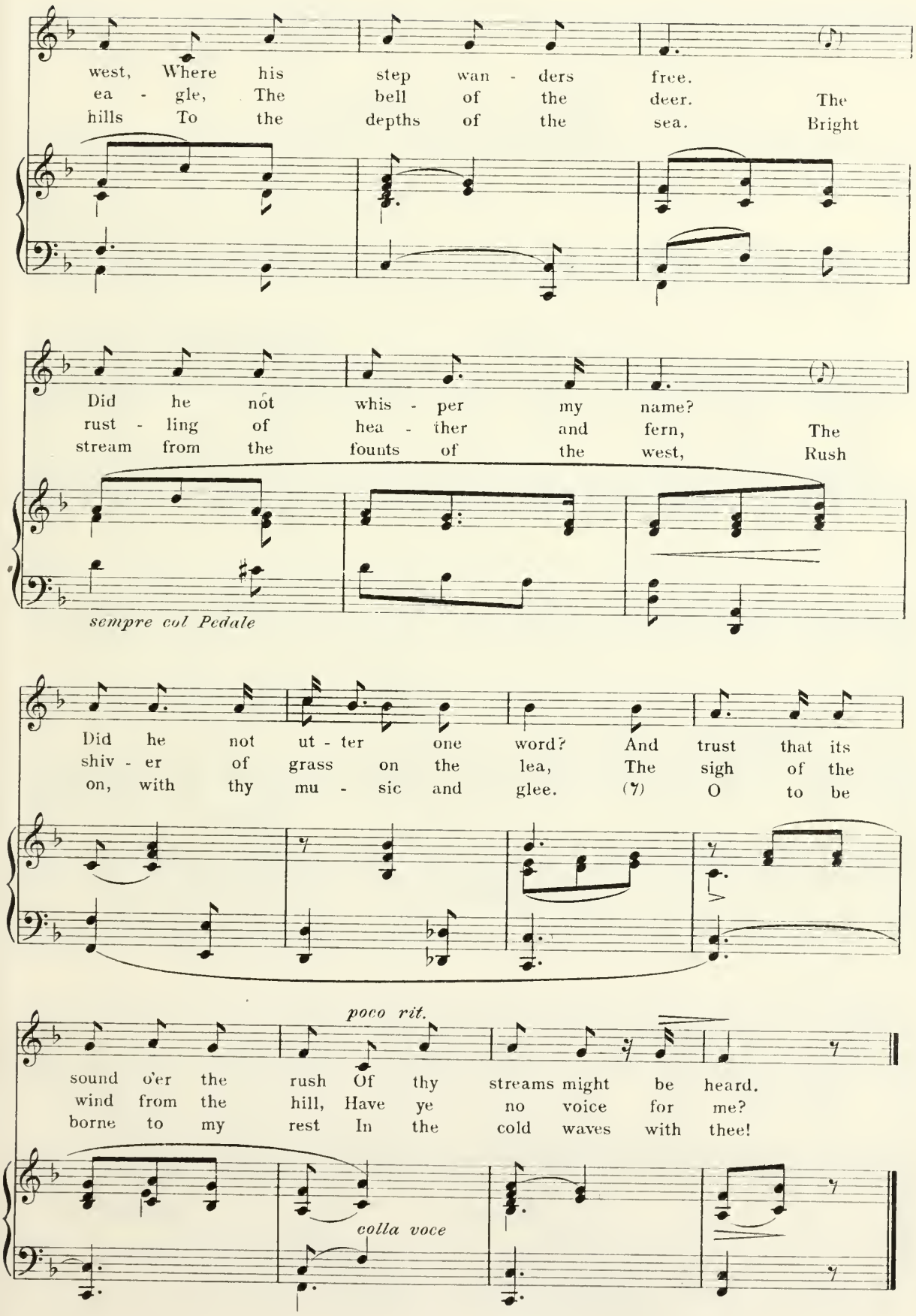
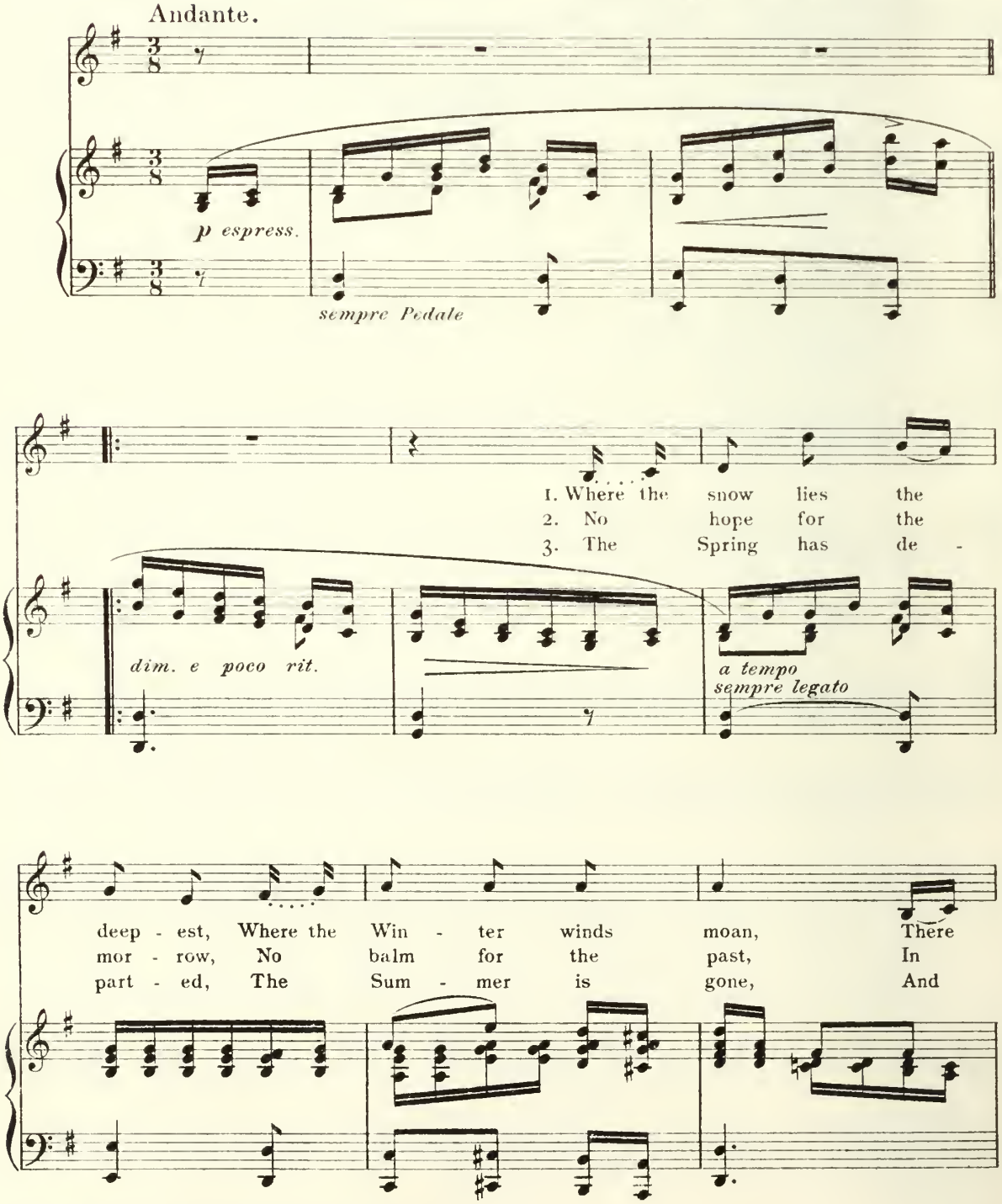

west, Where his step wan - ders free.
ea - gle, The bell of the deer. The
hills To the depths of the sea. Bright
Did he not whis - per my name?
rust - ling of hea - ther and fern, The
stream from the founts of the west, Rush
sempre col Pedale
Did he not ut - ter one word? And trust that its
shiv - er of grass on the lea, The sigh of the
on, with thy mu - sic and glee. (?) O to be
poco rit.
sound o'er the rush Of thy streams might be heard.
wind from the hill, Have ye no voice for me?
borne to my rest In the cold waves with thee!
colla voce

After Culloden.

Words and Melody by Lady JOHN SCOTT.



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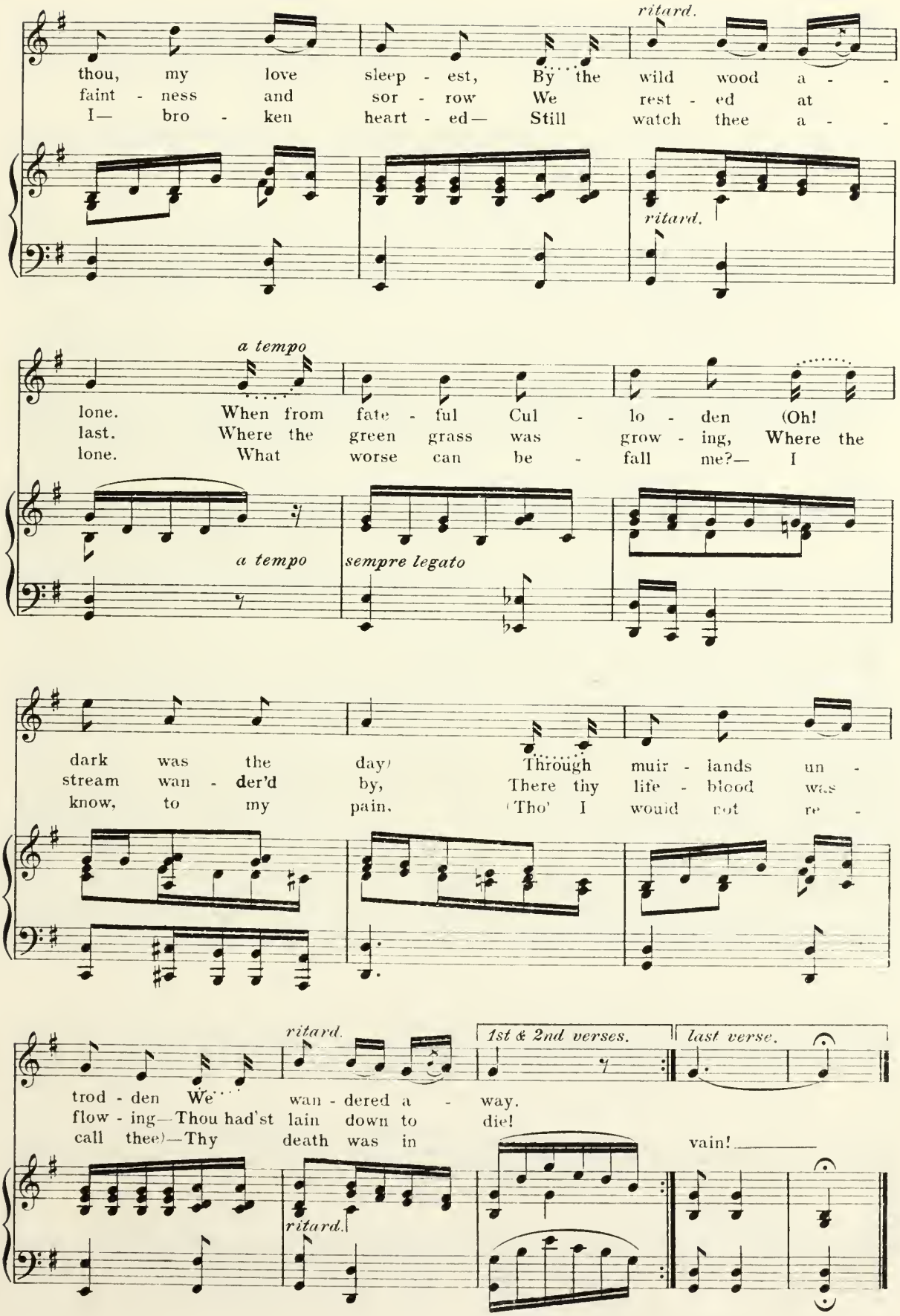
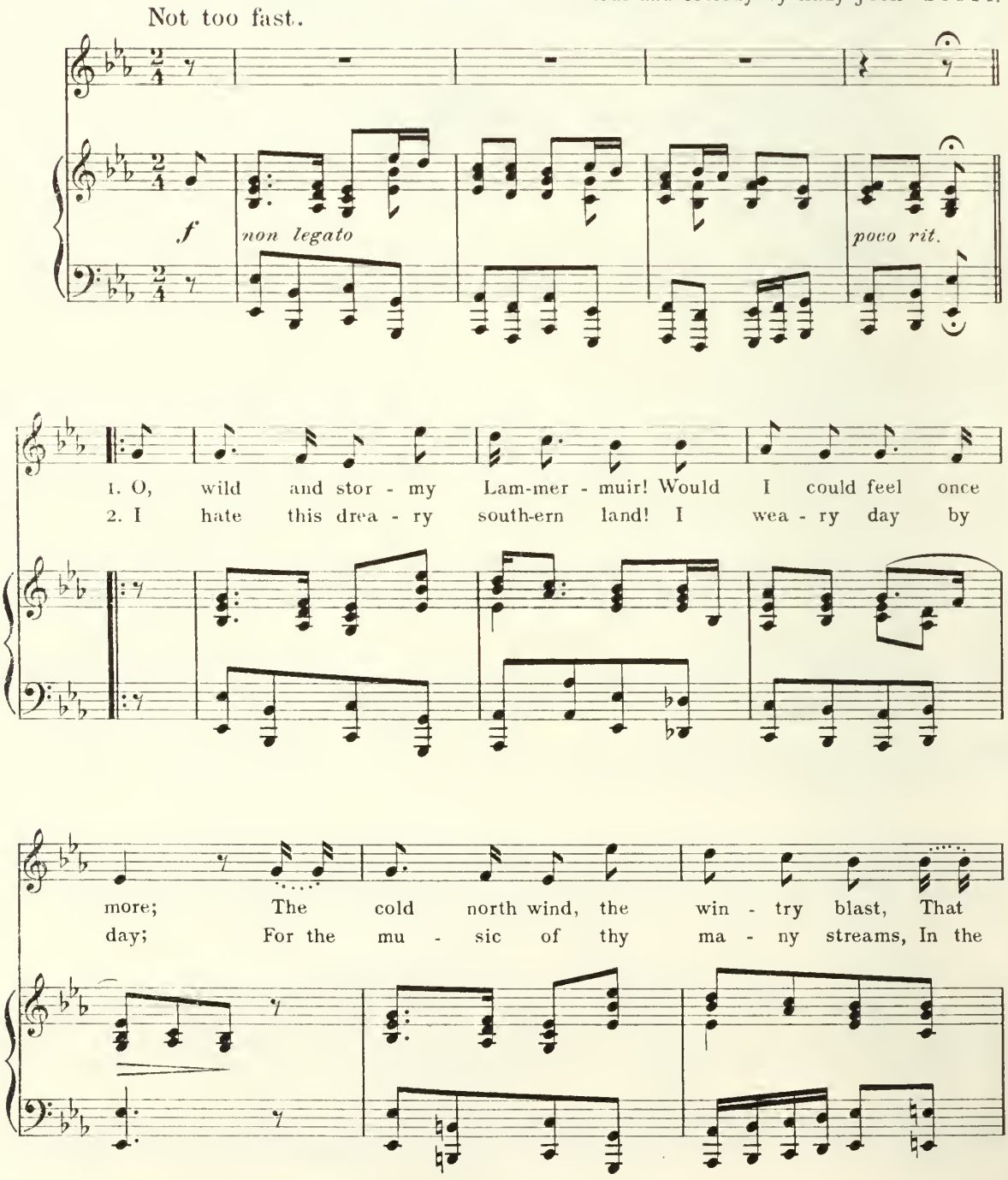

ritard.
thou, my love sleep - est, By the wild wood a - -
faint - ness and sor - row We rest - ed at
I— bro - ken heart - ed— Still watch thee a - -
ritard.
a tempo
lone. When from fate - ful Cul - lo - den (Oh!
last. Where the green grass was grow - ing, Where the
lone. What worse can be - fall me?— I
a tempo
sempre legato
dark was the day) Through muir - lands un -
stream wan - der'd by, There thy life - blood was
know, to my pain, (Tho' I would not re -
ritard.
1st & 2nd verses.
last verse.
trod - den We wan - dered a - way.
flow - ing— Thou had'st lain down to die!
call thee)—Thy death was in vain!
ritard.

LAMMERMUIR.

Words and Melody by Lady JOHN SCOTT.



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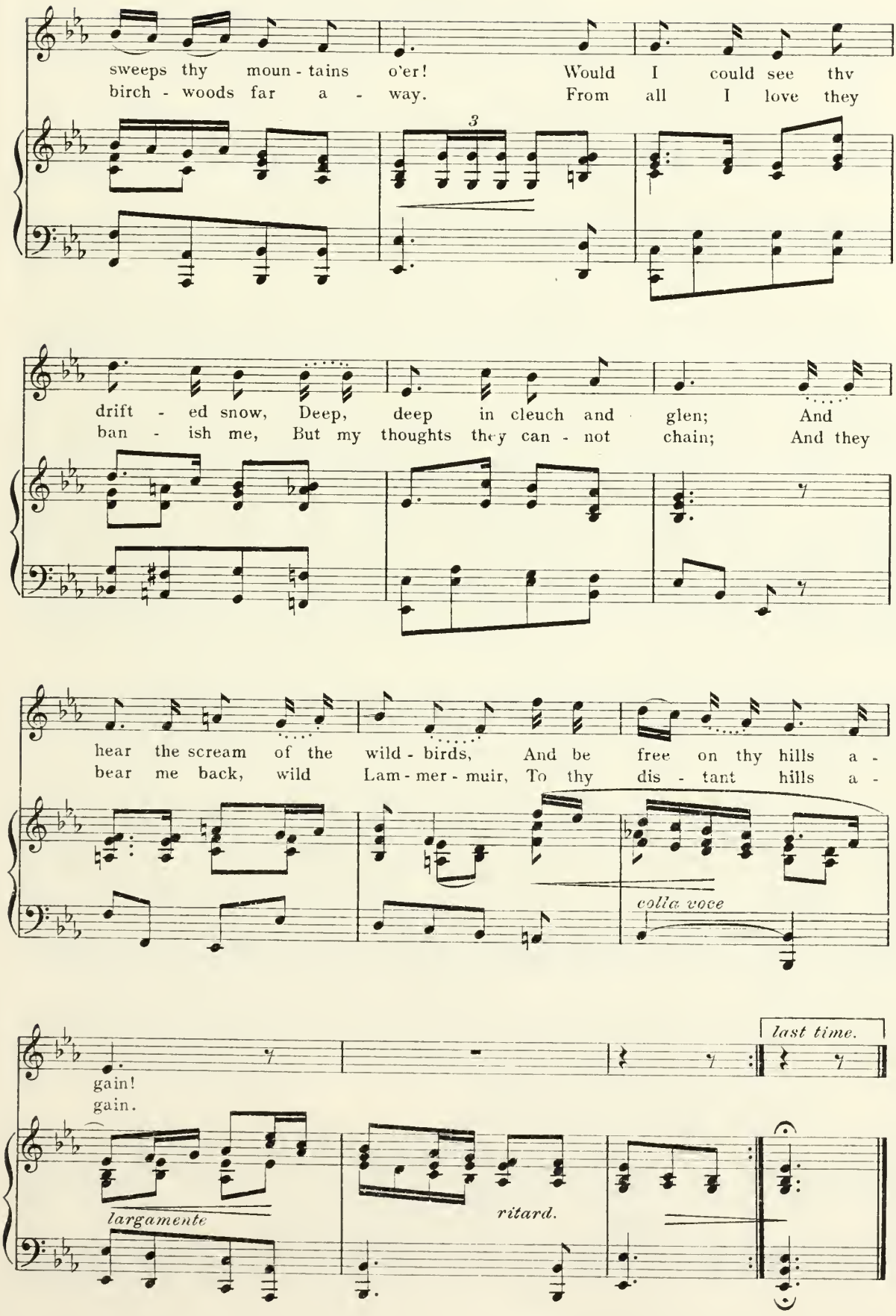
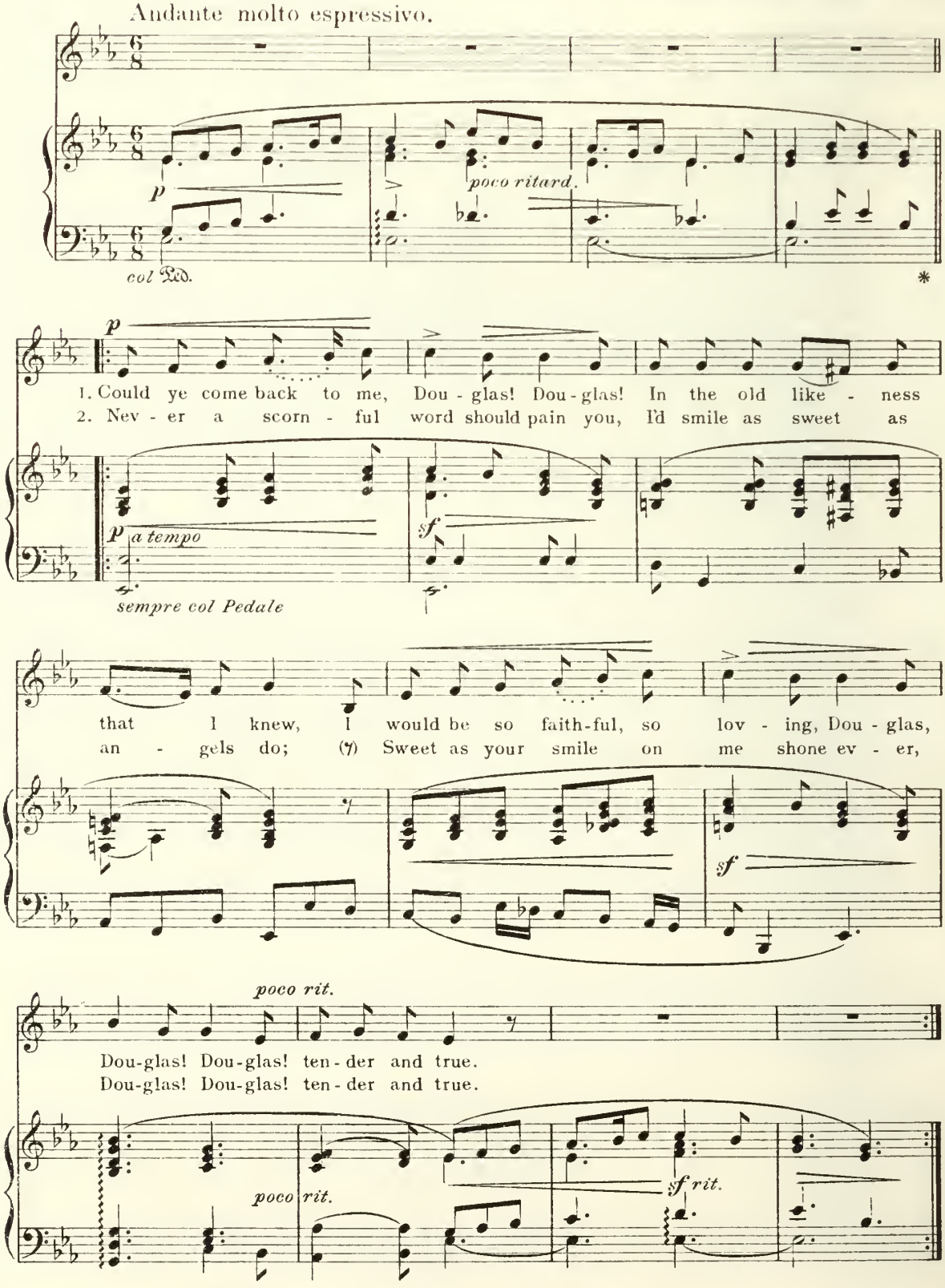

sweeps thy moun - tains o'er! Would I could see thy
birch - woods far a - way. From all I love they
3
drift - ed snow, Deep, deep in cleuch and glen; And
ban - ish me, But my thoughts they can - not chain; And they
hear the scream of the wild - birds, And be free on thy hills a -
bear me back, wild Lam - mer - muir, To thy dis - tant hills a -
colla voce
last time.
gain!
gain.
largamente
ritard.

DOUGLAS.

Words by DINAH MARIA MULOCK. (1826-87.)
(Mrs Craik.)

Melody by Lady JOHN SCOTT.



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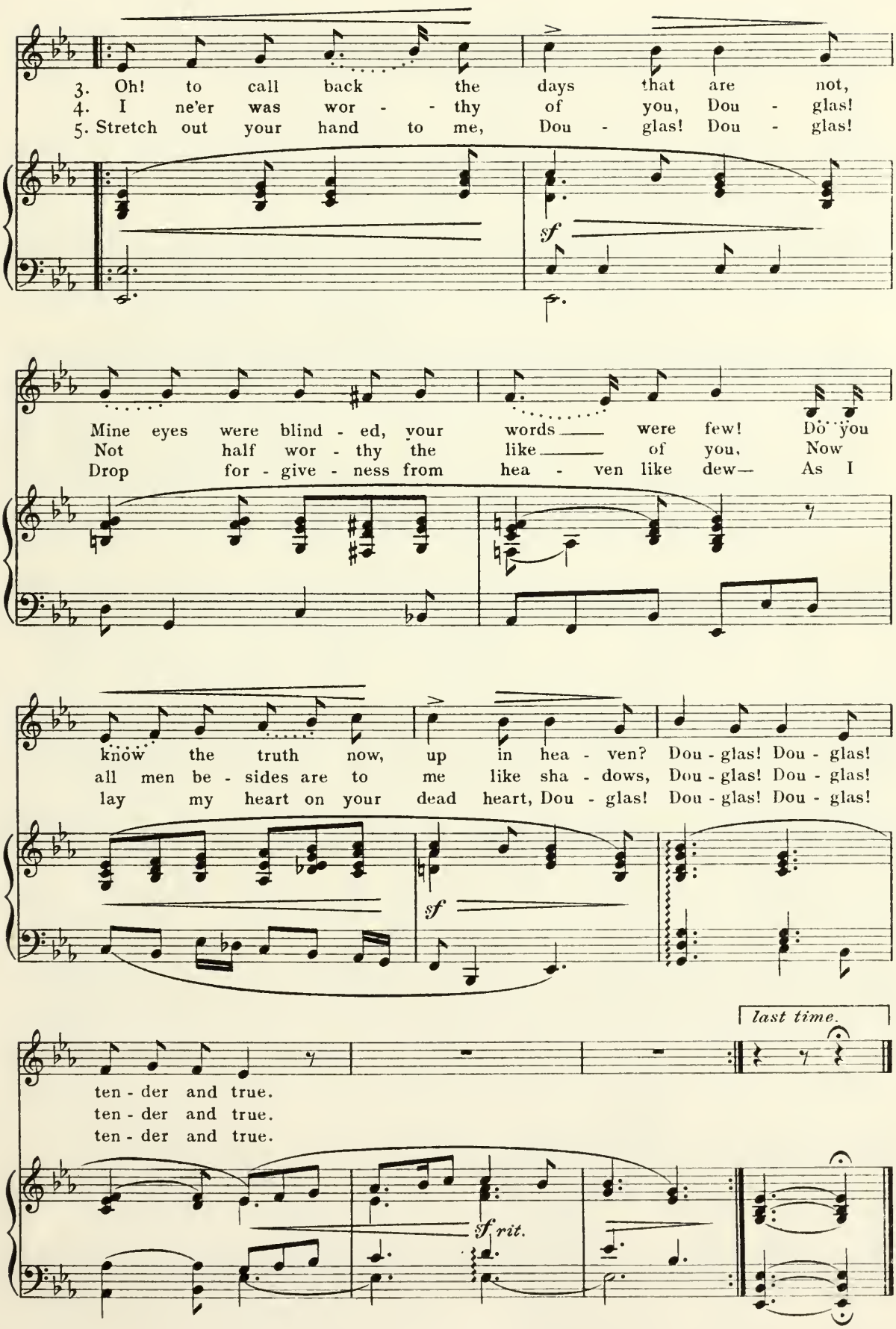
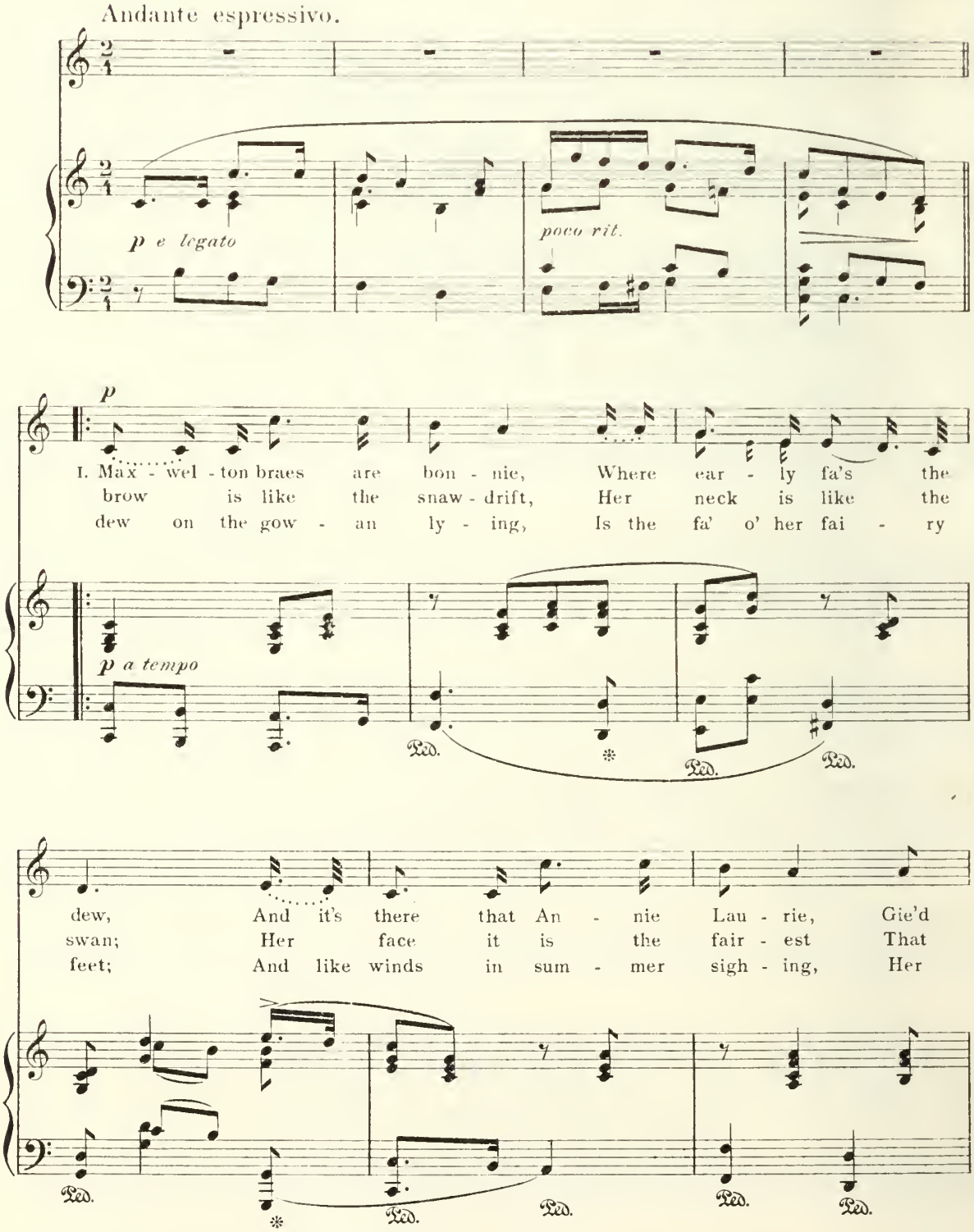

3. Oh! to call back the days that are not,
4. I ne'er was wor - - thy of you, Dou - glas!
5. Stretch out your hand to me, Dou - glas! Dou - glas!
sf
Mine eyes were blind - ed, your words were few! Do you
Not half wor - thy the like of you, Now
Drop for - give - ness from hea - ven like dew— As I
know the truth now, up in hea - ven? Dou - glas! Dou - glas!
all men be - sides are to me like sha - dows, Dou - glas! Dou - glas!
lay my heart on your dead heart, Dou - glas! Dou - glas! Dou - glas!
sf
last time.
ten - der and true.
ten - der and true.
ten - der and true.
sf rit.

ANNIE LAURIE.

Words of 1st and 2nd verses partly altered; and 3rd verse written by Lady JOHN SCOTT

Melody by Lady JOHN SCOTT.



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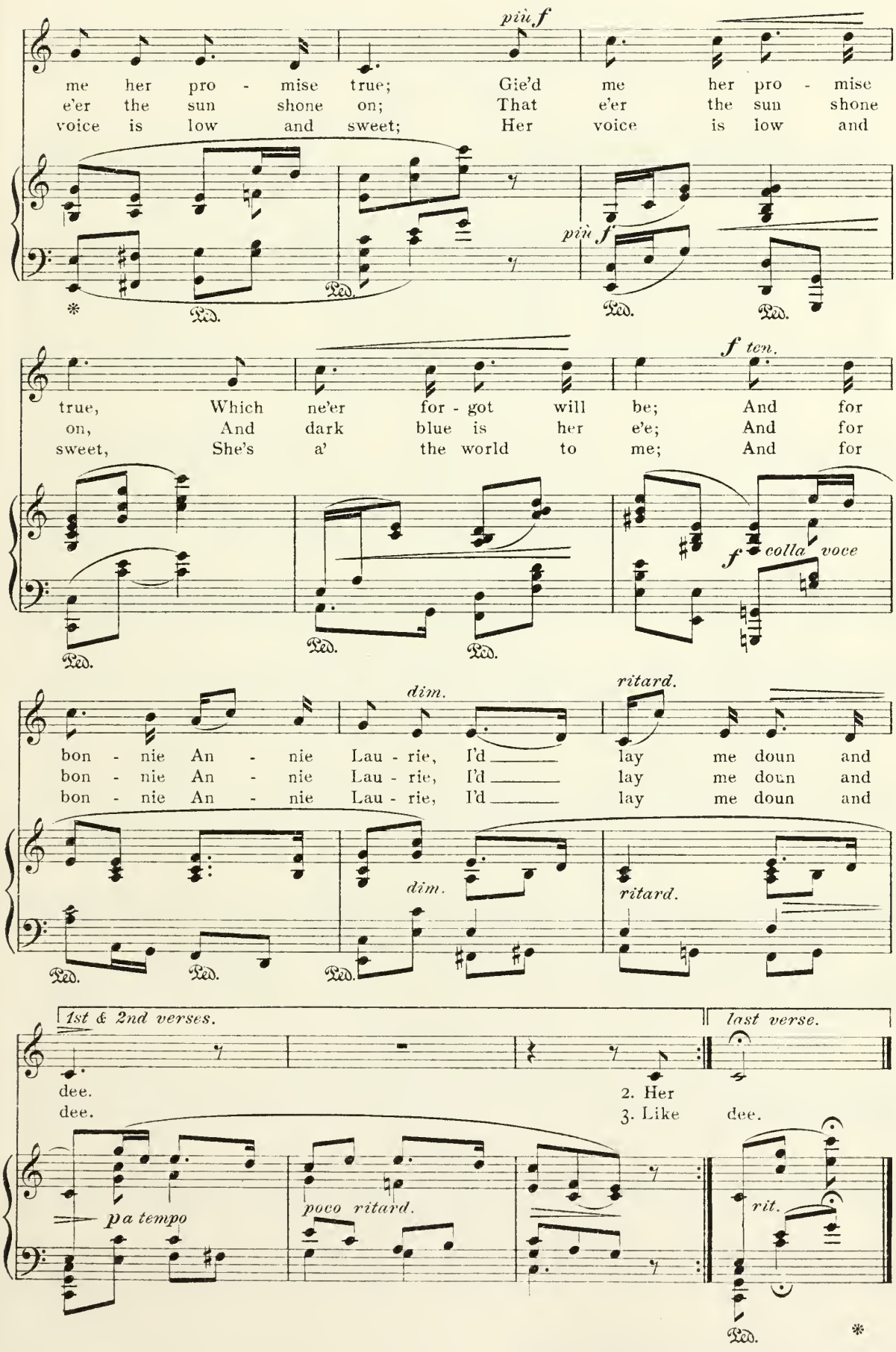
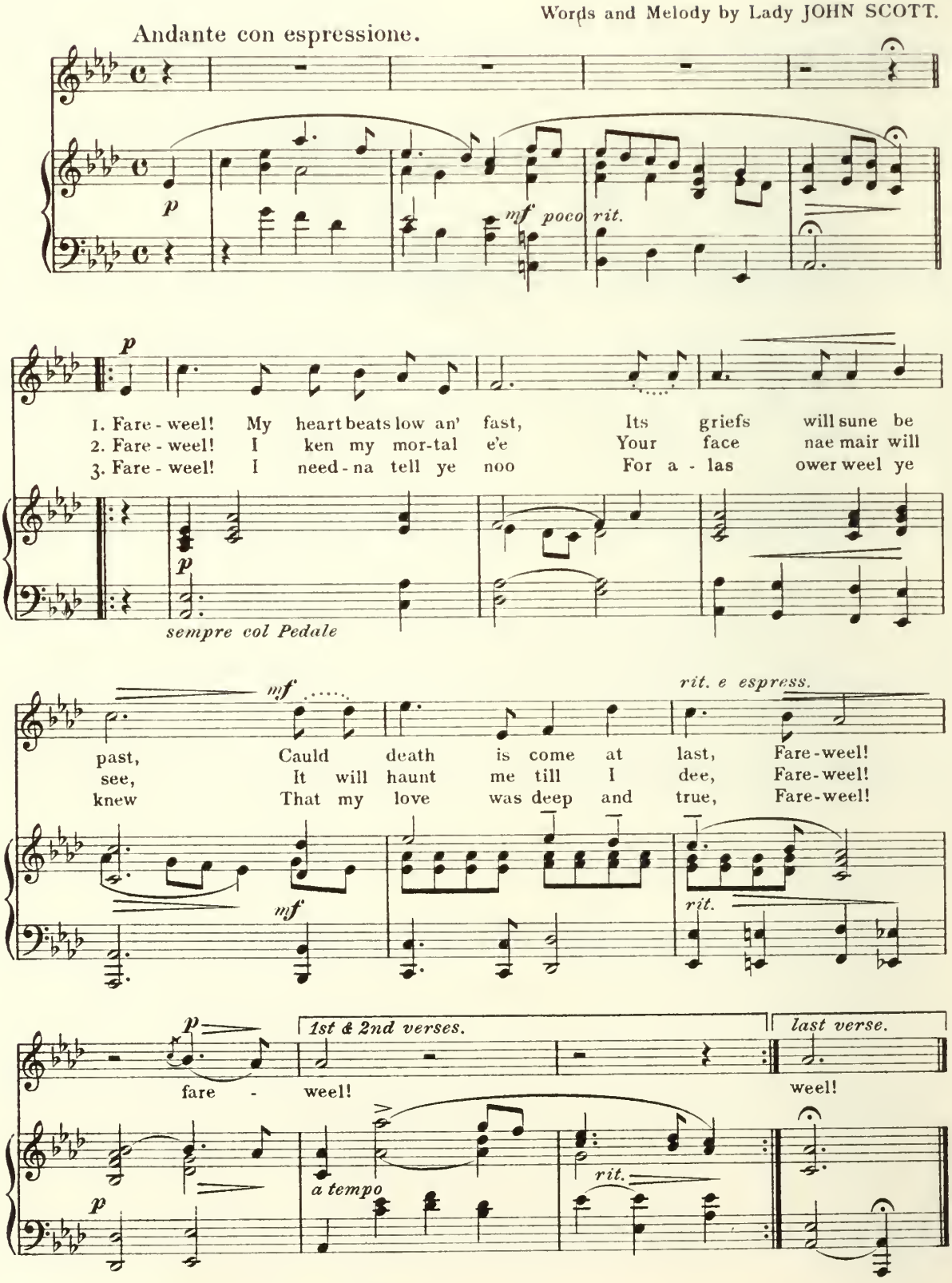

più f
me her pro - mise true; Gie'd me her pro - mise
e'er the sun shone on; That e'er the sun shone
voice is low and sweet; Her voice is low and
più f
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
f ten.
true, Which ne'er for - got will be; And for
on, And dark blue is her e'e; And for
sweet, She's a' the world to me; And for
f colla voce
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
dim.
ritard.
bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me doun and
bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me doun and
bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me doun and
dim.
ritard.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
1st & 2nd verses.
last verse.
dee.
dee.
2. Her
3. Like dee.
pa tempo
poco ritard.
rit.
Ped.

FAREWEEL!

Words and Melody by Lady JOHN SCOTT.



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FAREWEEL!

Fareweel!
My heart beats low an' fast,
Its griefs will sune be past,
Cauld death is come at last,
Fareweel!

Fareweel!
I ken my mortal e'e
Your face nae mair will see,
It will haunt me till I dee,
Fareweel!

Fareweel!
I needna tell ye noo
For alas ower weel ye knew
That my love was deep and true
Fareweel!

Fareweel!
I kenned to my despair
'Twas a weary love an' sair,
But 'twill burden ye nae mair.
Fareweel!

Fareweel!
My step will ne'er again
Over hill and over plain
Follow on, through wind and rain.
Fareweel!

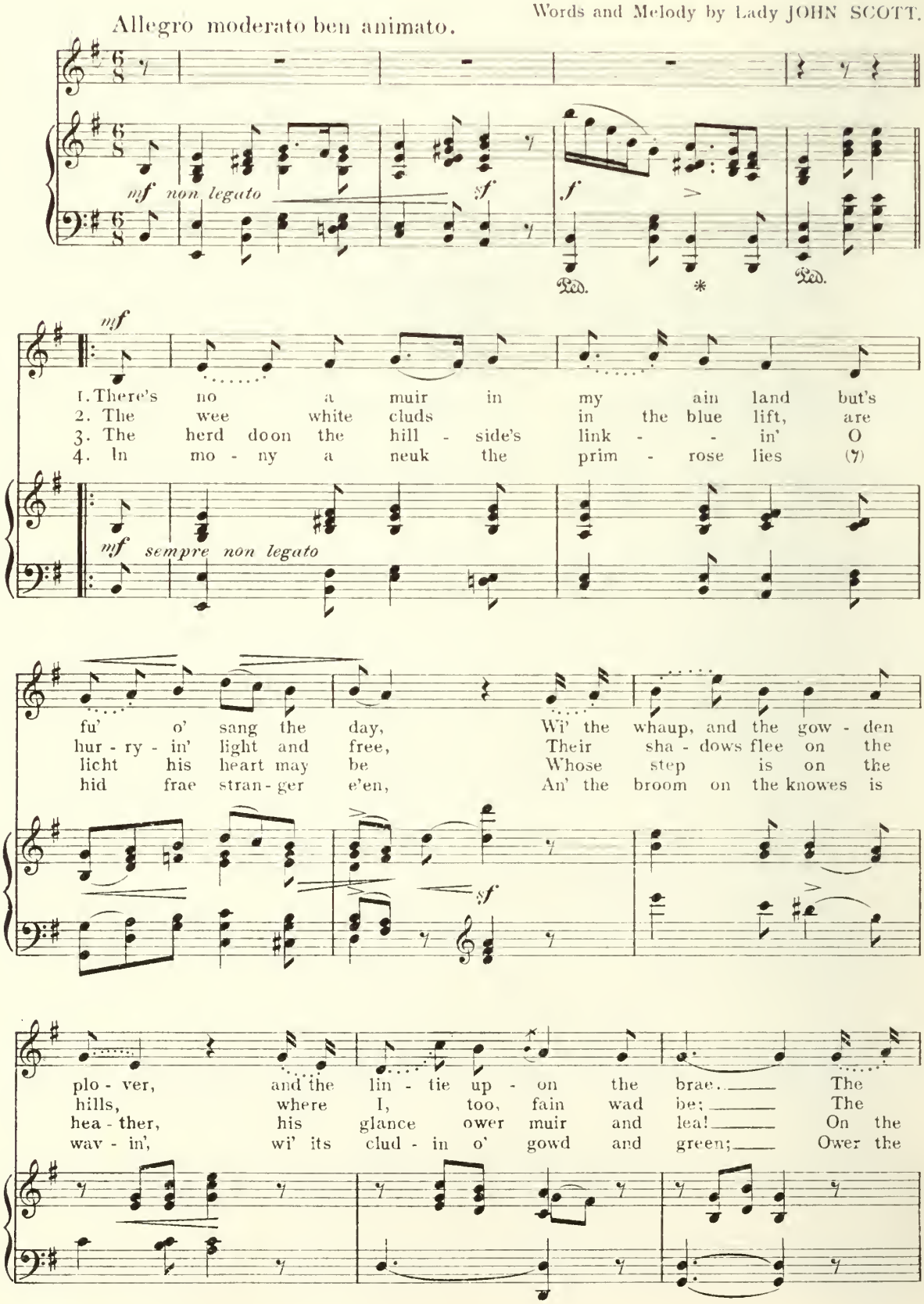
Fareweel!
Ye'll wander lane and chill
An' whiles upon the hill,
Will ye think ye see me still?
Fareweel!

Fareweel!
Ye'll sometimes miss the strain
Ye ne'er will hear again
It was breathed for you alane.
Fareweel!

Fareweel!
Oh! gently think o' me
And pity and forgie
Ane wha dee'd for love o' thee?
Fareweel!

THE COMIN' O' THE SPRING.

Words and Melody by Lady JOHN SCOTT.



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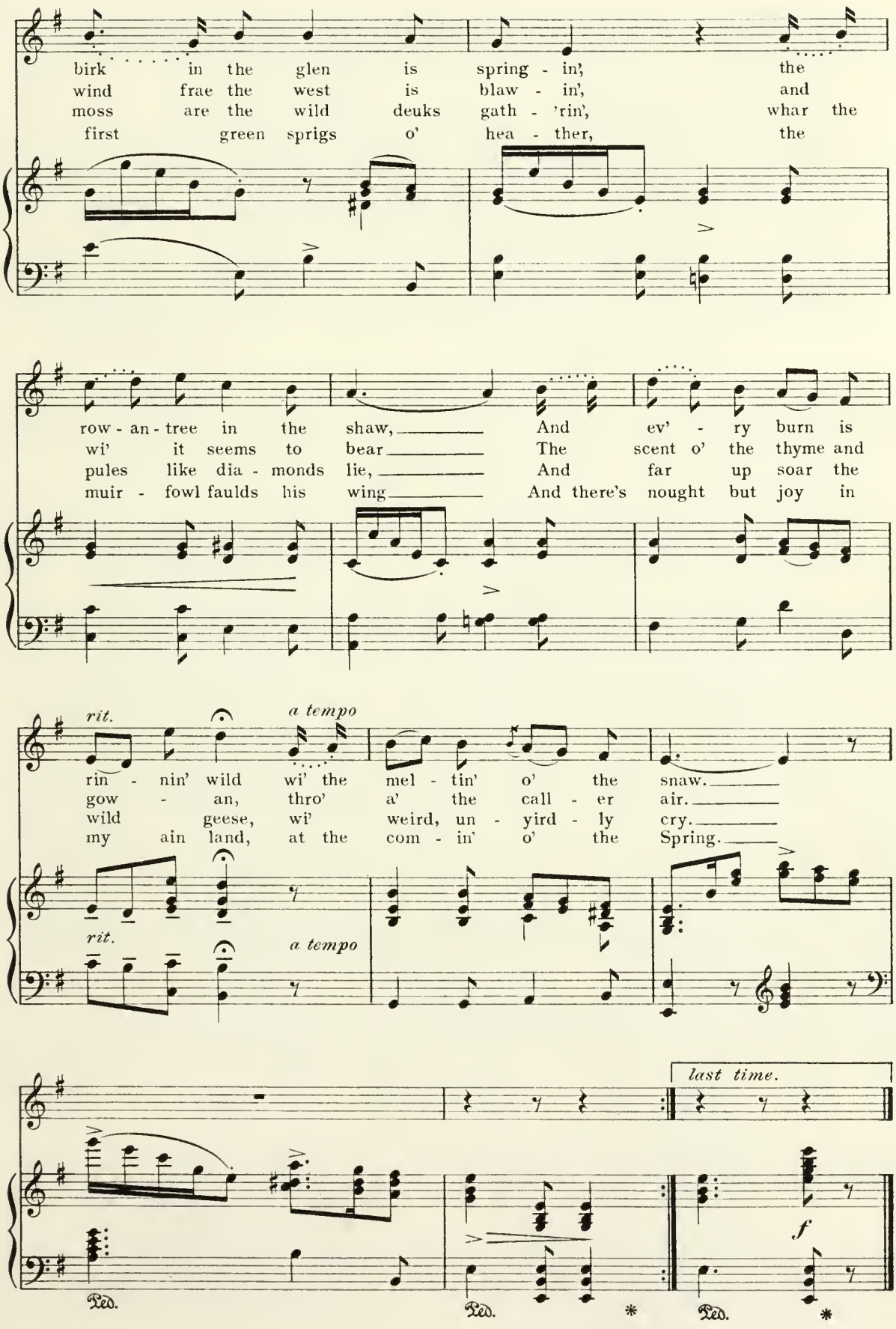
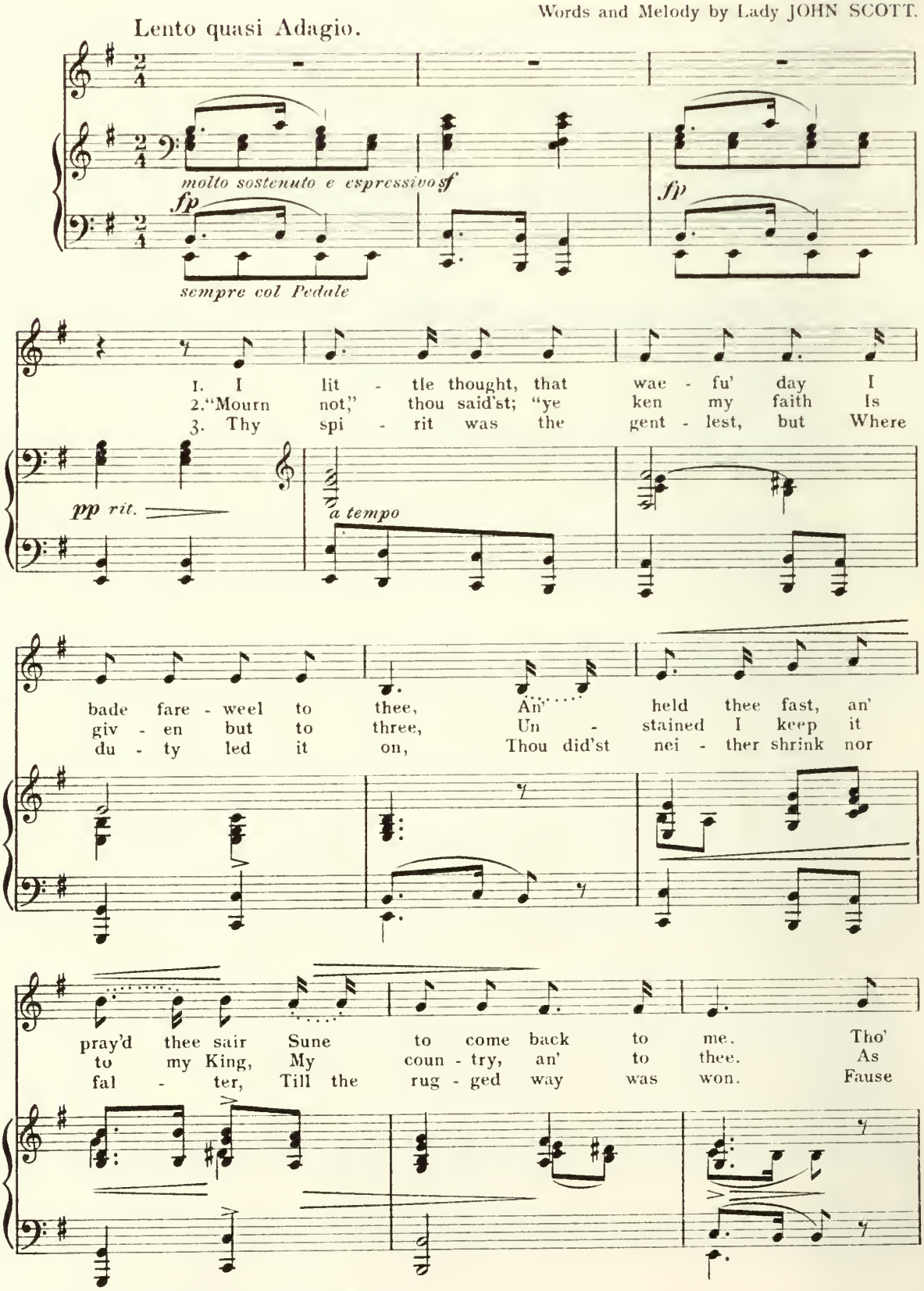

birk in the glen is spring - in', the
wind frae the west is blaw - in', and
moss are the wild deuks gath - 'rin', whar the
first green sprigs o' hea - ther, the
row - an - tree in the shaw, And ev' - ry burn is
wi' it seems to bear The scent o' the thyme and
pules like dia - monds lie, And far up soar the
muir - fowl faulds his wing And there's nought but joy in
rit.
a tempo
rin - nin' wild wi' the mel - tin' o' the snaw.
gow - an, thro' a' the call - er air.
wild geese, wi' weird, un - yird - ly cry.
my ain land, at the com - in' o' the Spring.
rit.
a tempo
last time.
f
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

LAMENT OF LADY DUNDEE FOR HER HUSBAND.

Words and Melody by Lady JOHN SCOTT.



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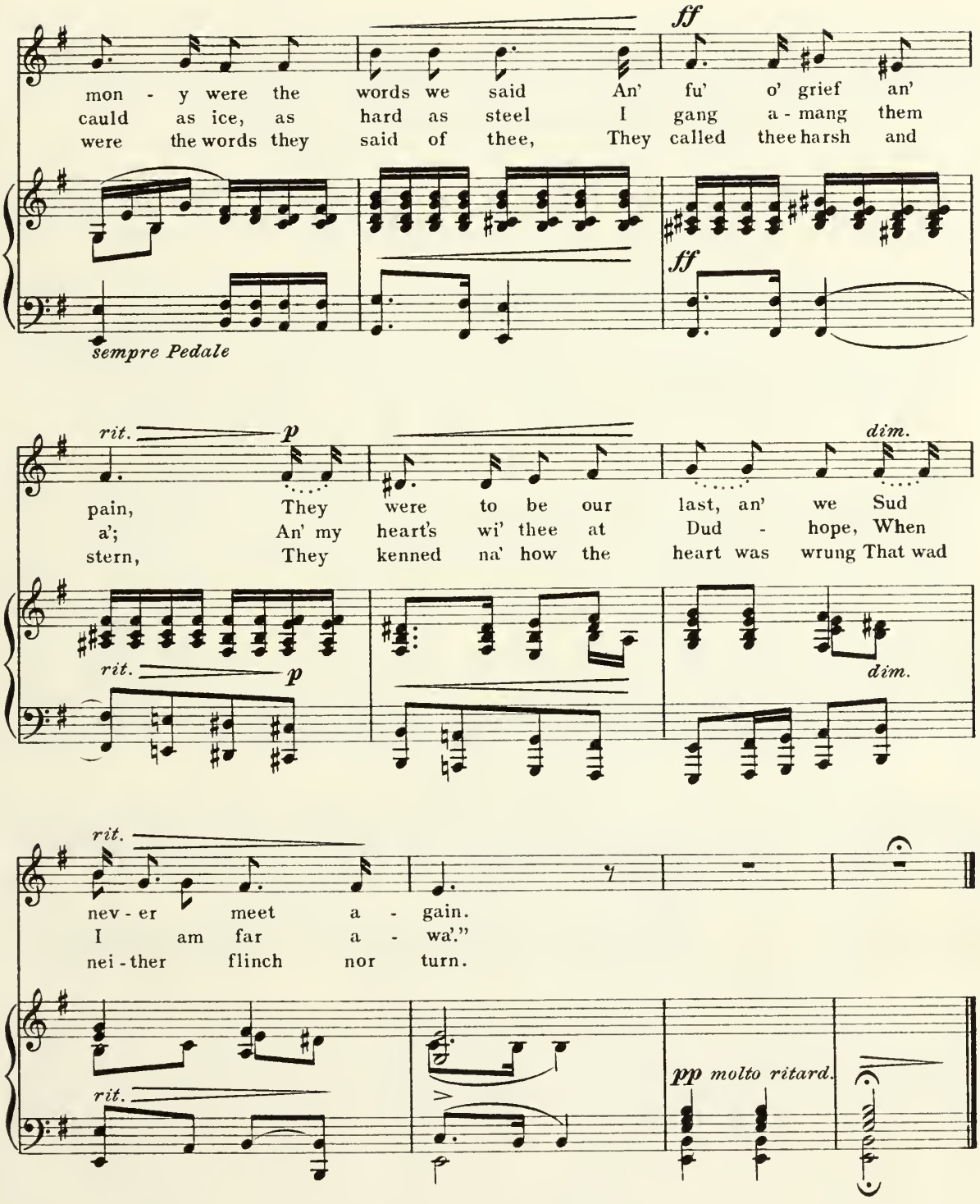


4.

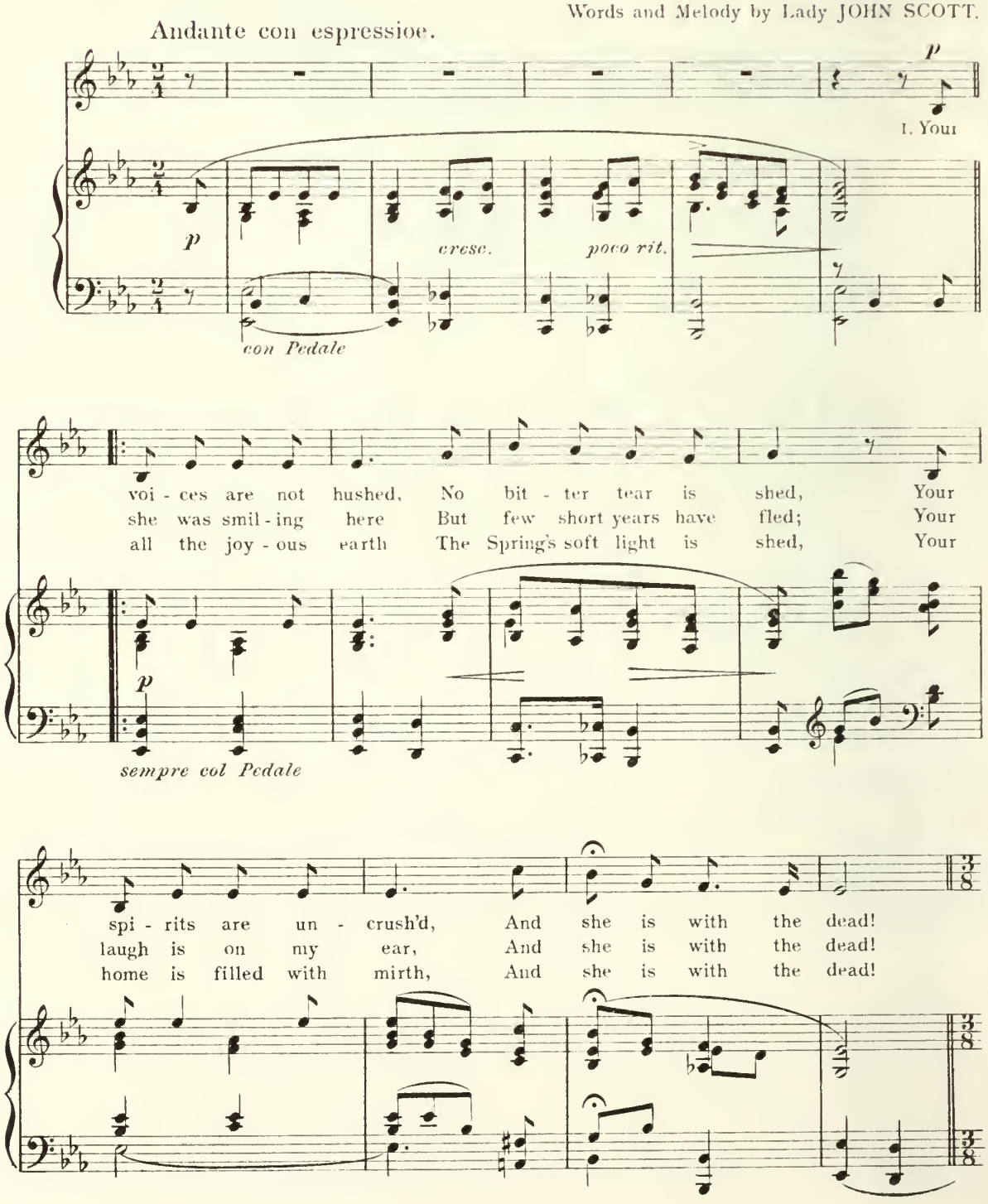
They might hae kenned the bitter signs,
They were na' far to seek,
In the sadness o' thy glorious e'e,
The paleness o' thy cheek.
A stormy life, a hero's death,
An' deathless fame are thine;
When a' thy foes forgotten lie
The clearer will it shine.

5.

The mools are on the gallant heart,
That aye beat true to me;
The dust lies ower the waving hair,
I never mair shall see.
The ringing voice is silent,
That echoed wild an' free,
An' stirred the blude o' auld an' young
Wi' the war-cry o' "Dundee."

YOUR VOICES ARE NOT HUSHED.

Words and Melody by Lady JOHN SCOTT.



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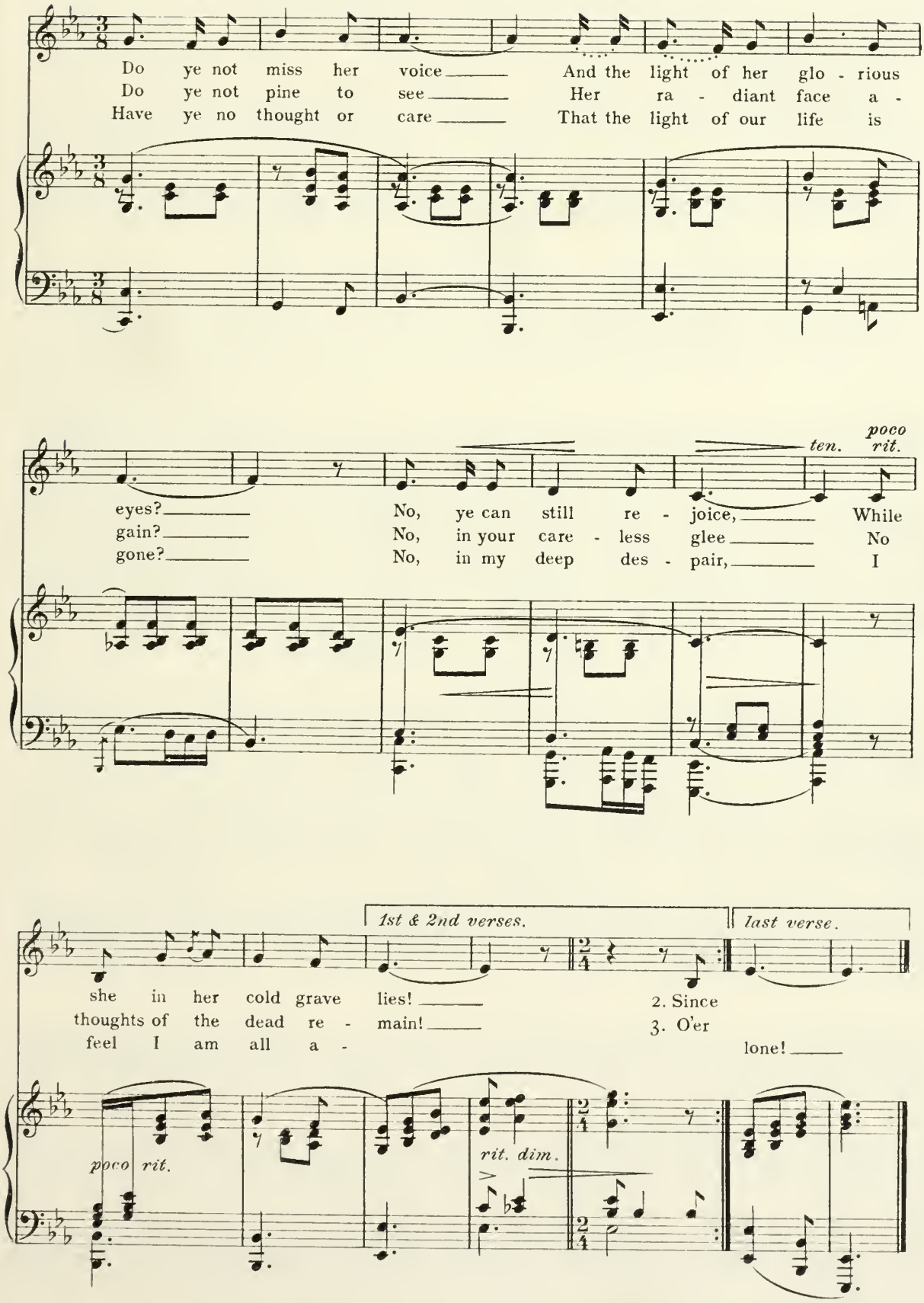
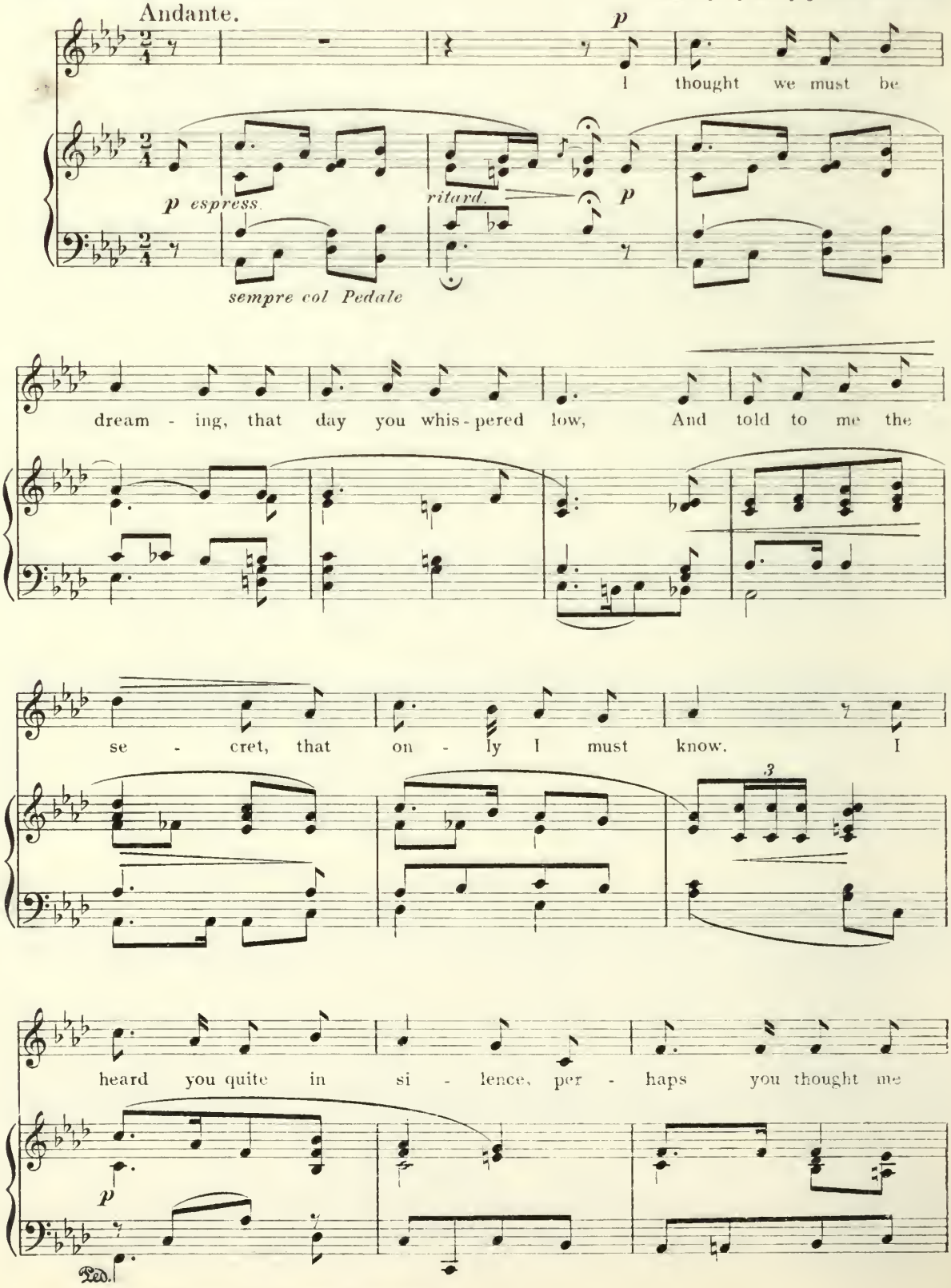

Do ye not miss her voice And the light of her glo - rious
Do ye not pine to see Her ra - diant face a -
Have ye no thought or care That the light of our life is
ten.
poco rit.
eyes?
gain?
gone?
No, ye can still re - joice, While
No, in your care - less glee No
No, in my deep des - pair, I
1st & 2nd verses.
last verse.
she in her cold grave lies!
thoughts of the dead re - main!
feel I am all a -
2. Since
3. O'er
lone!
poco rit.
rit. dim.

I THOUGHT WE MUST BE DREAMING.

Words from Blackwood's Magazine.

Melody by Lady JOHN SCOTT.



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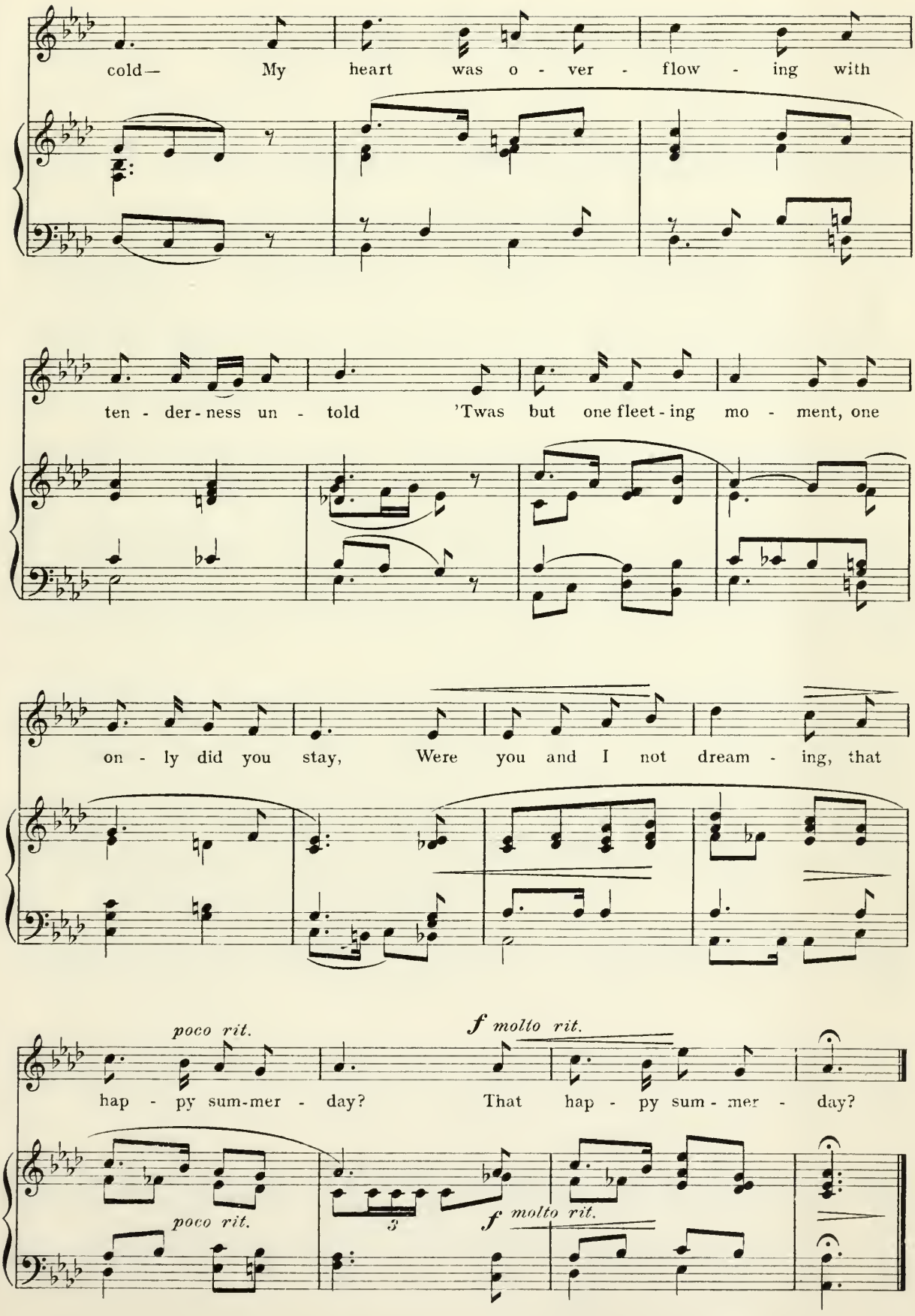
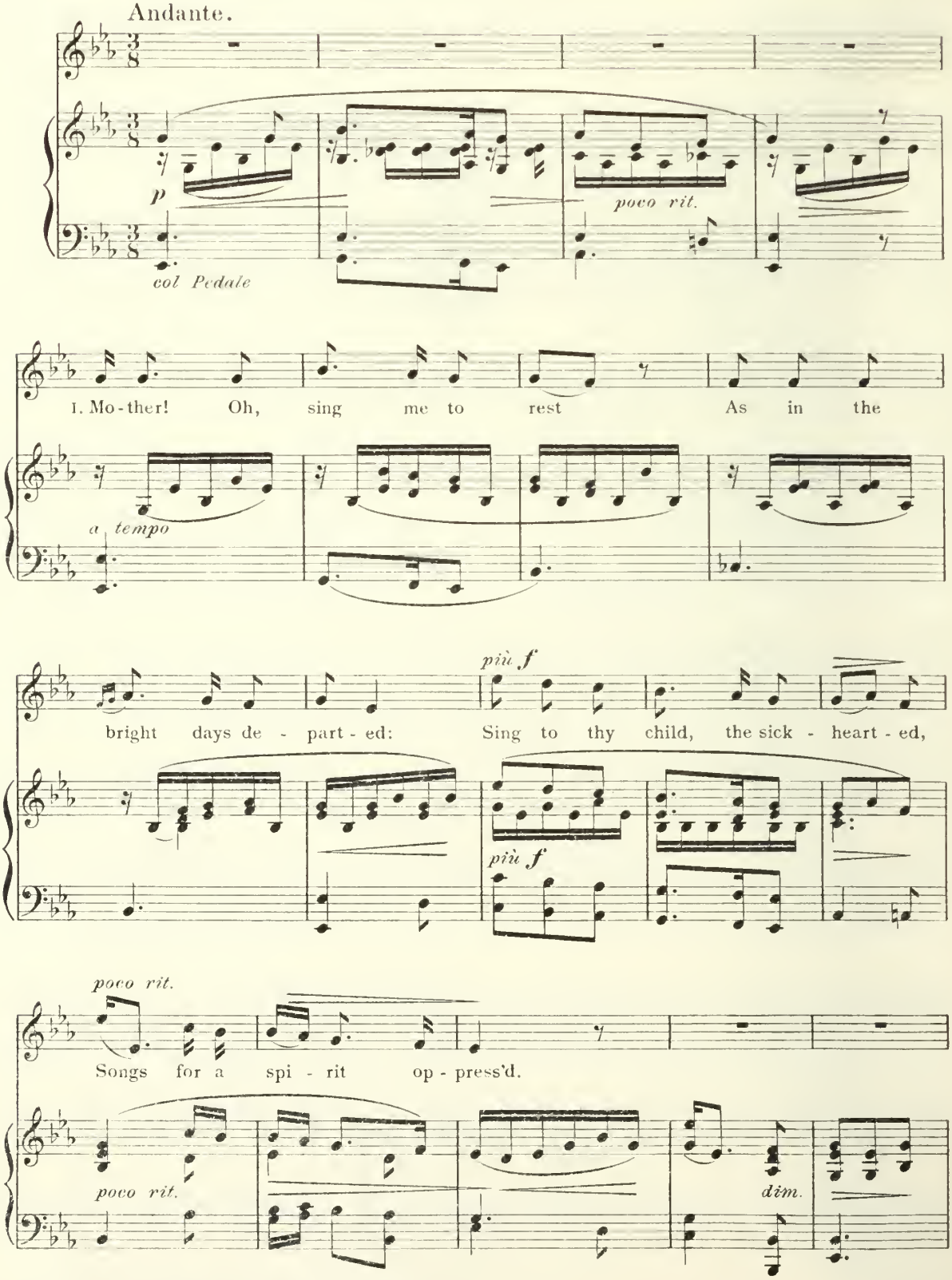

cold— My heart was o - ver - flow - ing with
ten - der - ness un - told 'Twas but one fleet - ing mo - ment, one
on - ly did you stay, Were you and I not dream - ing, that
poco rit.
f molto rit.
hap - py sum-mer - day? That hap - py sum - mer - day?
poco rit.
3
f molto rit.

MOTHER! OH, SING ME TO REST.

Words by Mrs HEMANS. Melody by Lady JOHN SCOTT.



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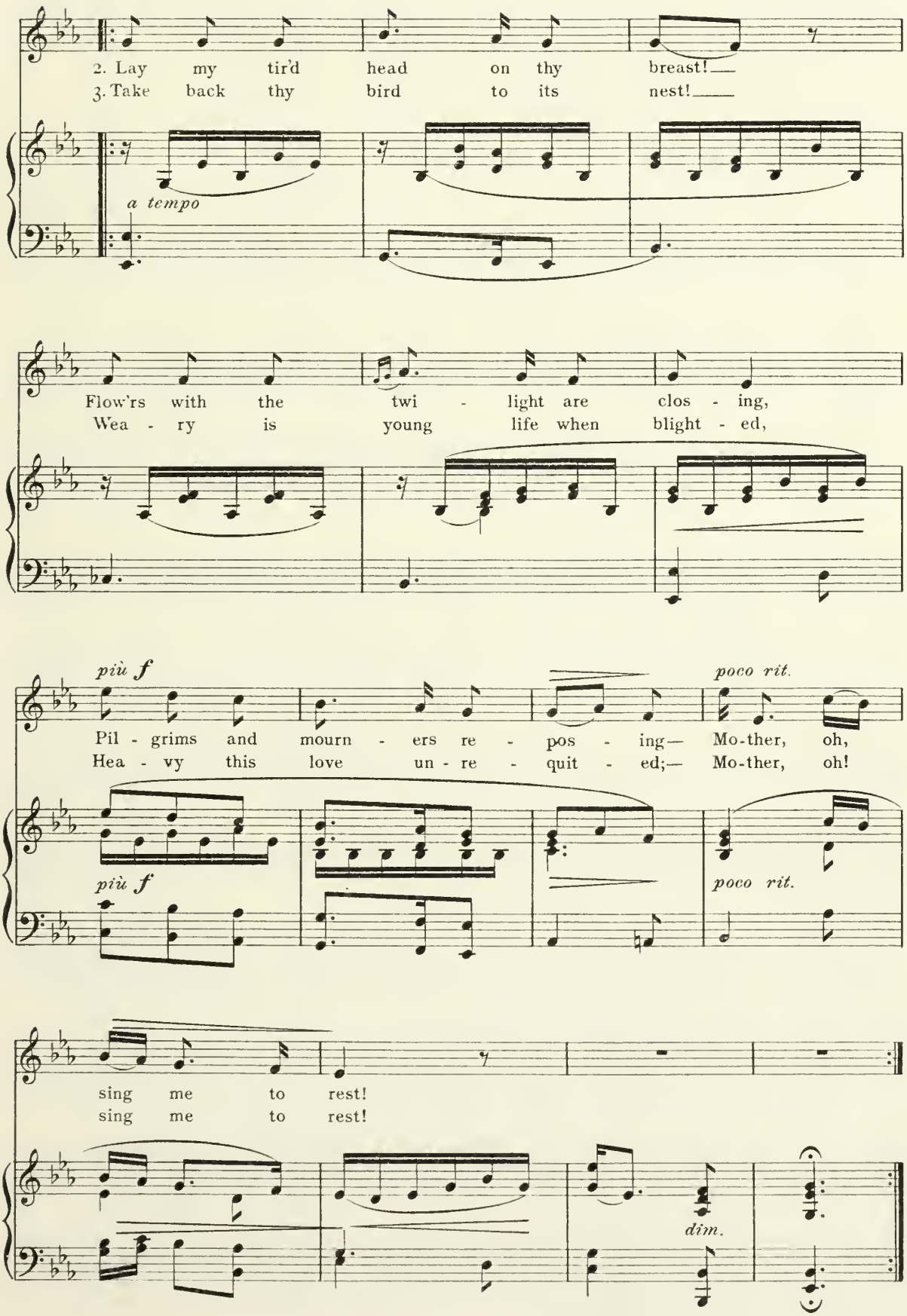
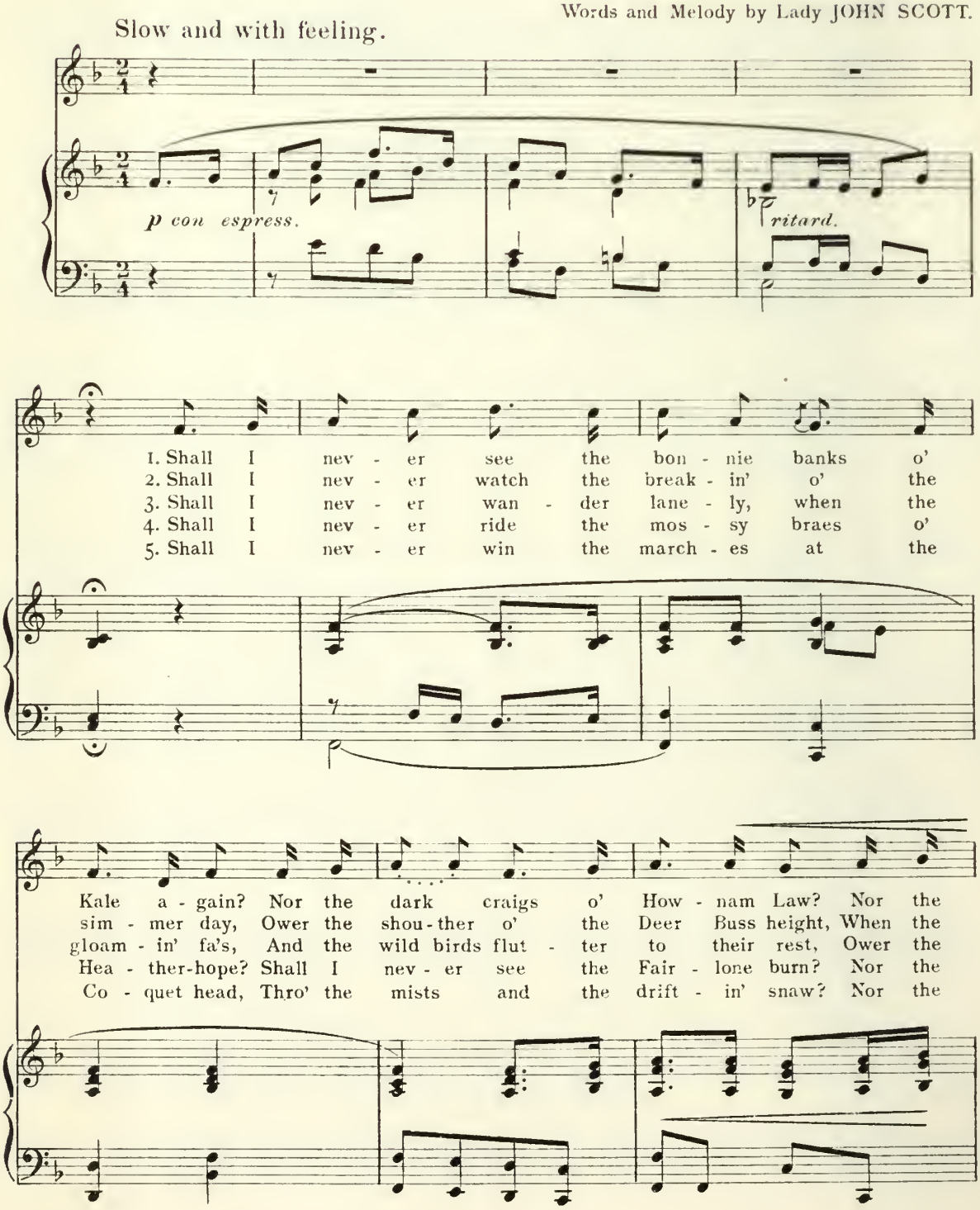

2. Lay my tir'd head on thy breast!
3. Take back thy bird to its nest!
a tempo
Flow'rs with the twi - light are clos - ing,
Wea - ry is young life when blight - ed,
più f
poco rit.
Pil - grims and mourn - ers re - pos - ing— Mo-ther, oh,
Hea - vy this love un - re - quit - ed;— Mo-ther, oh!
più f
poco rit.
sing me to rest!
sing me to rest!
dim.

THE BOUNDS O' CHEVIOT.

Words and Melody by Lady JOHN SCOTT.



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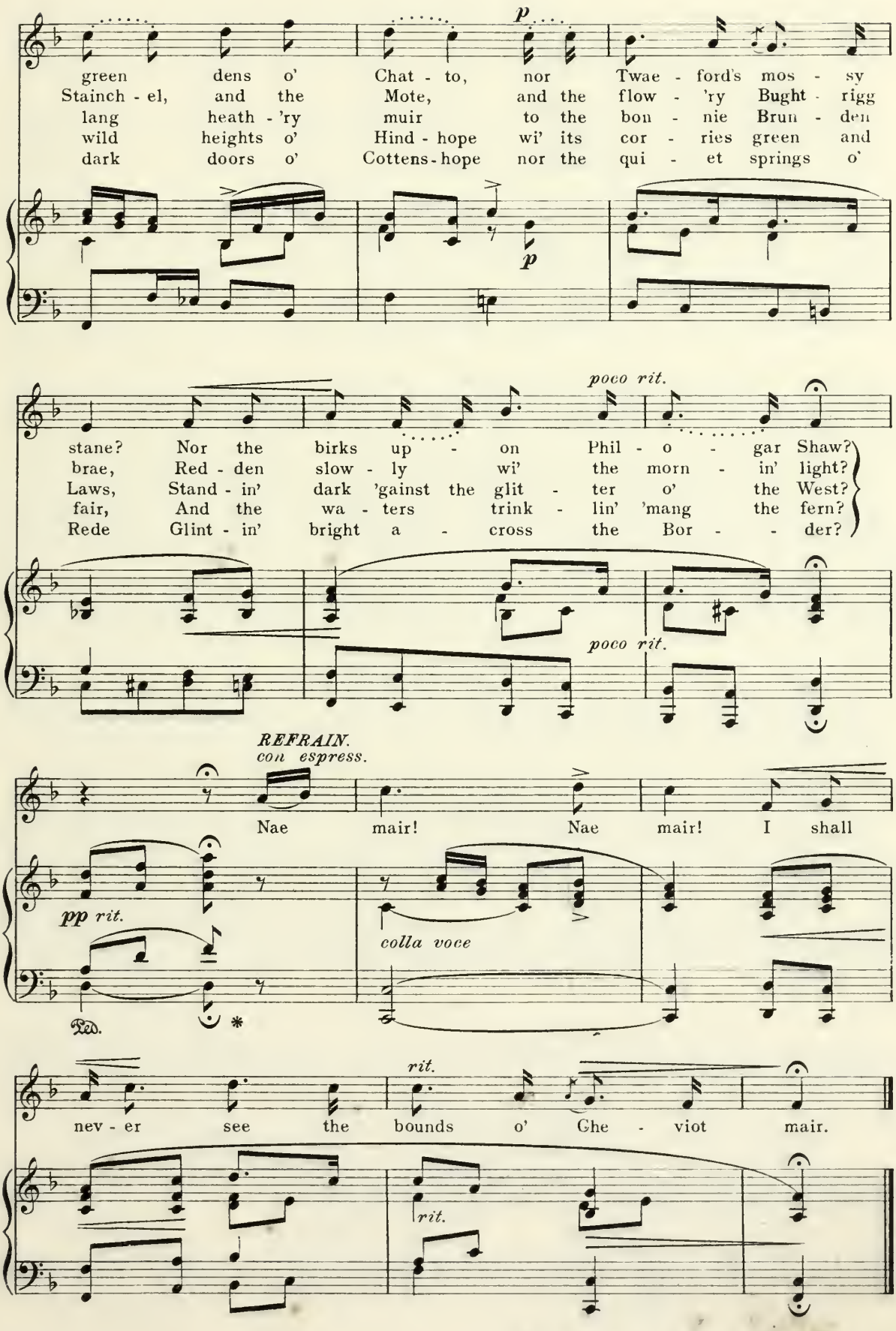
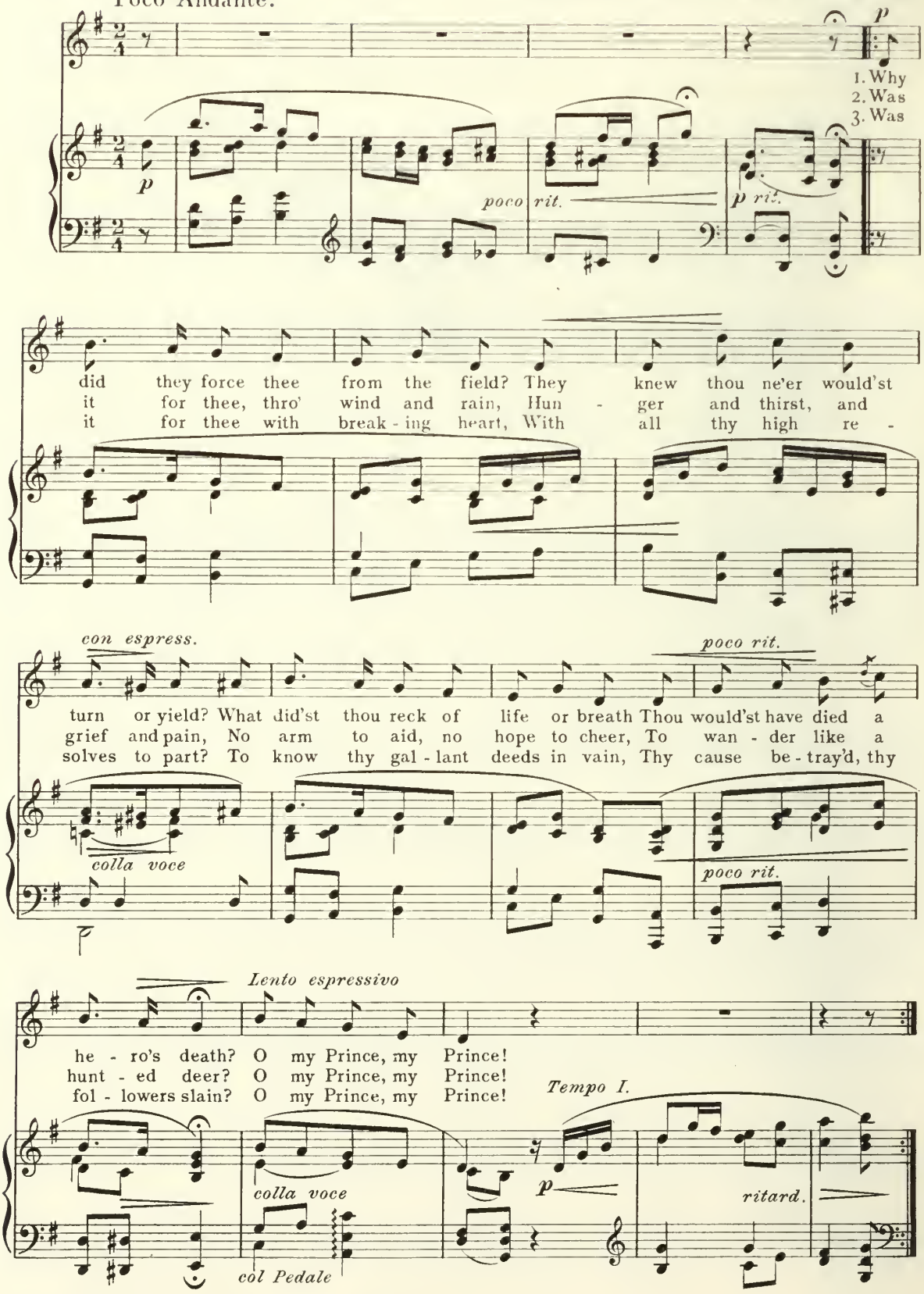

p
green dens o' Chat - to, nor Twae - ford's mos - sy
Stainch - el, and the Mote, and the flow - 'ry Bught - rigg
lang heath - 'ry muir to the bon - nie Brun - den
wild heights o' Hind - hope wi' its cor - ries green and
dark doors o' Cottens - hope nor the qui - et springs o'
p
poco rit.
stane? Nor the birks up - on Phil - o - gar Shaw?
brae, Red - den slow - ly wi' the morn - in' light?
Laws, Stand - in' dark 'gainst the glit - ter o' the West?
fair, And the wa - ters trink - lin' 'mang the fern?
Rede Glint - in' bright a - cross the Bor - - der?
poco rit.
REFRAIN.
con espress.
Nae mair! Nae mair! I shall
pp rit.
colla voce
Ped. *
rit.
nev - er see the bounds o' Ghe - viot mair.
rit.

My Prince.

Words and Melody by Lady JOHN SCOTT.



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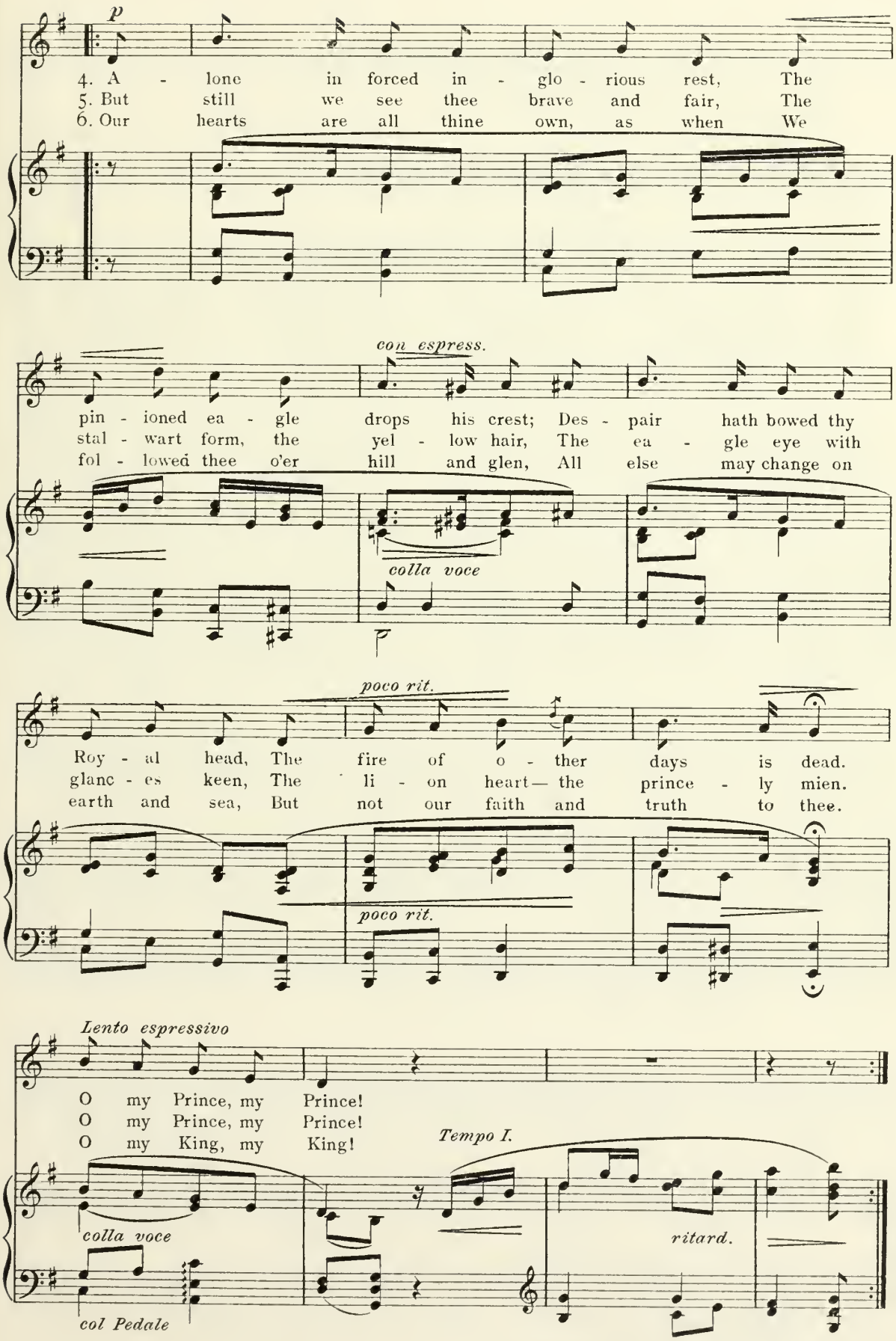
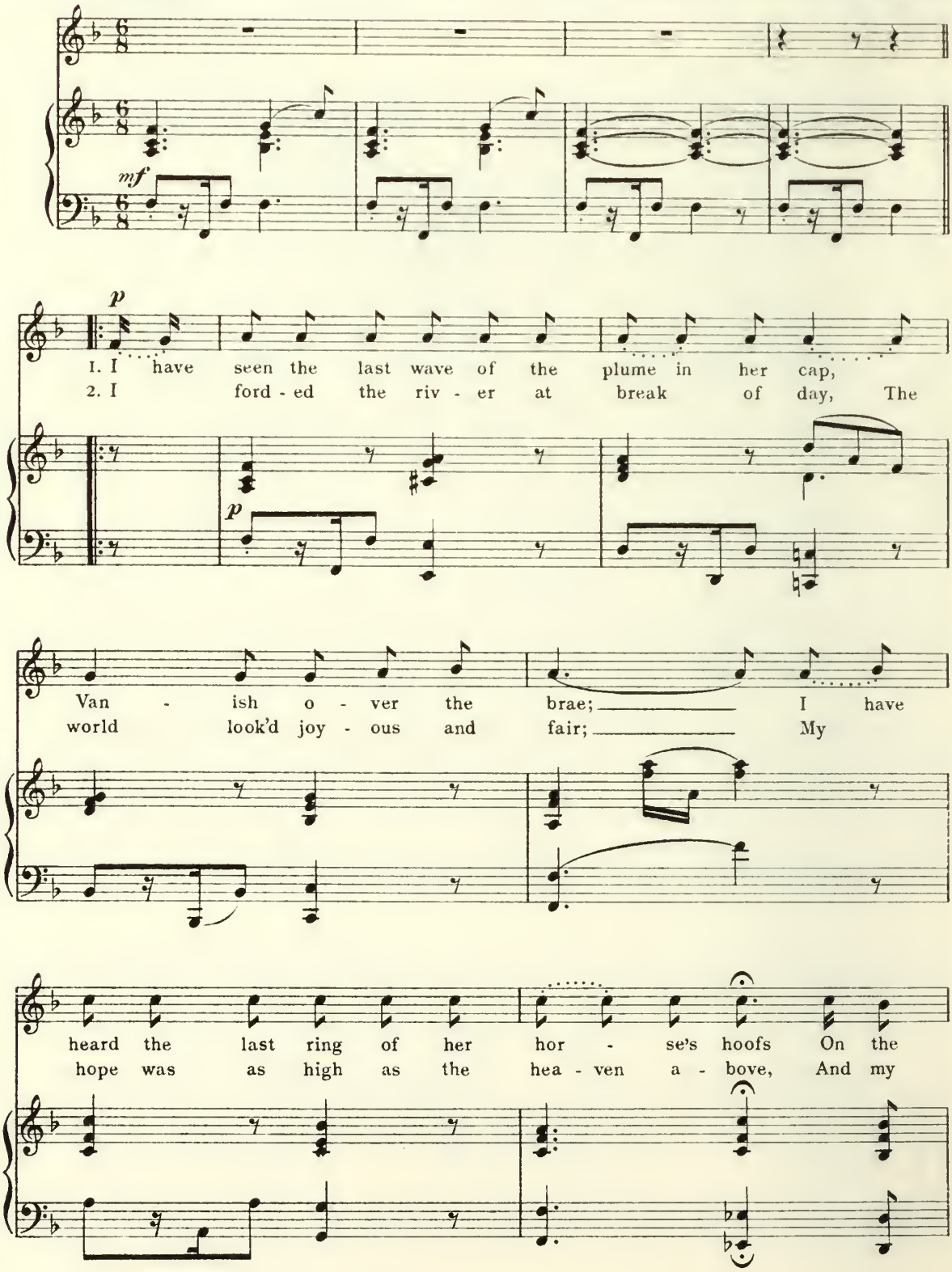

p
4. A - lone in forced in - glo - rious rest, The
5. But still we see thee brave and fair, The
6. Our hearts are all thine own, as when We
con espress.
pin - ioned ea - gle drops his crest; Des - pair hath bowed thy
stal - wart form, the yel - low hair, The ea - gle eye with
fol - lowed thee o'er hill and glen, All else may change on
colla voce
poco rit.
Roy - al head, The fire of o - ther days is dead.
glanc - es keen, The li - on heart— the prince - ly mien.
earth and sea, But not our faith and truth to thee.
poco rit.
Lento espressivo
O my Prince, my Prince!
O my Prince, my Prince!
O my King, my King!
Tempo I.
colla voce
ritard.
col Pedale

KILPAULET BRAE.

Moderato.

Words and Melody by Lady JOHN SCOTT.



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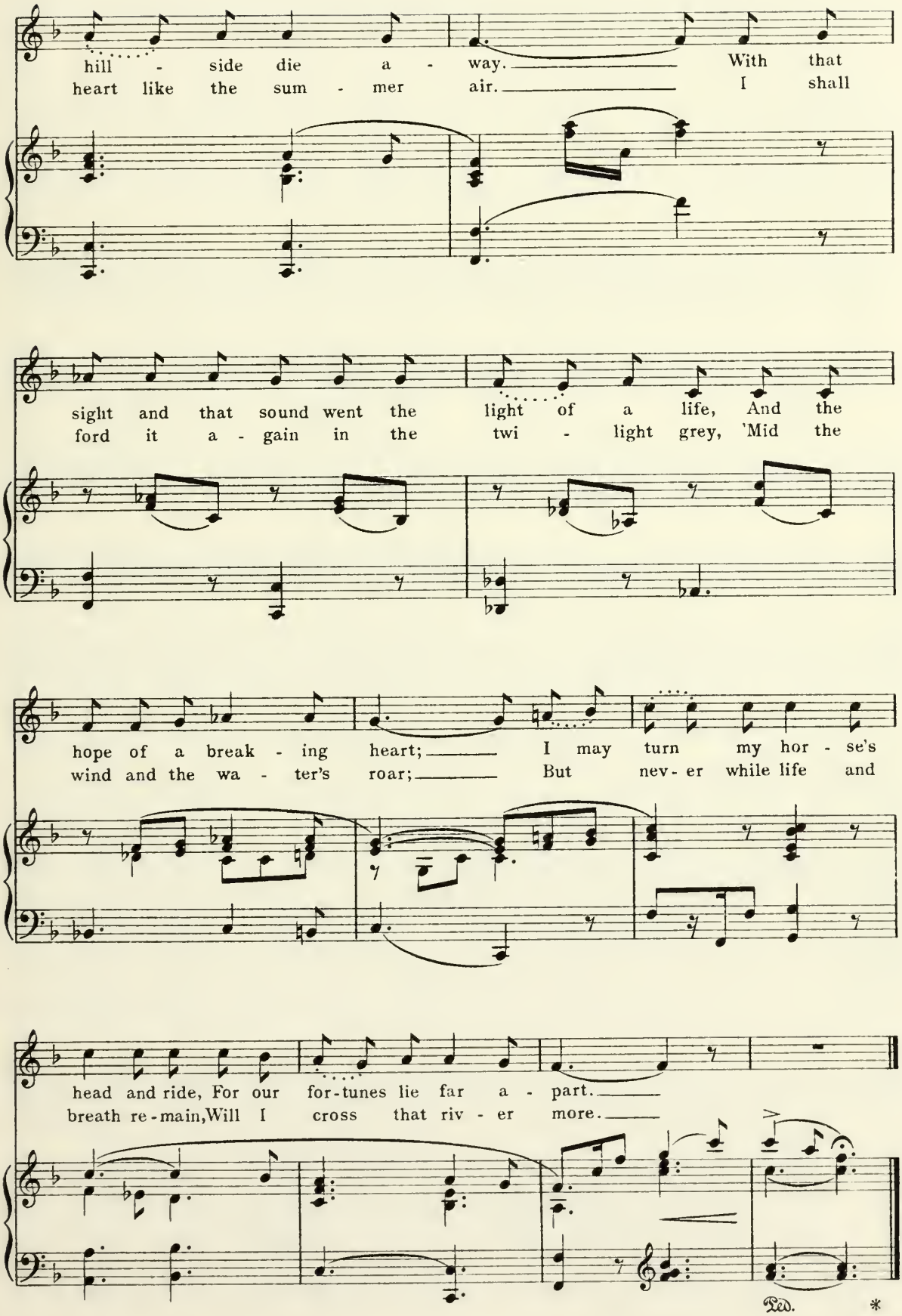
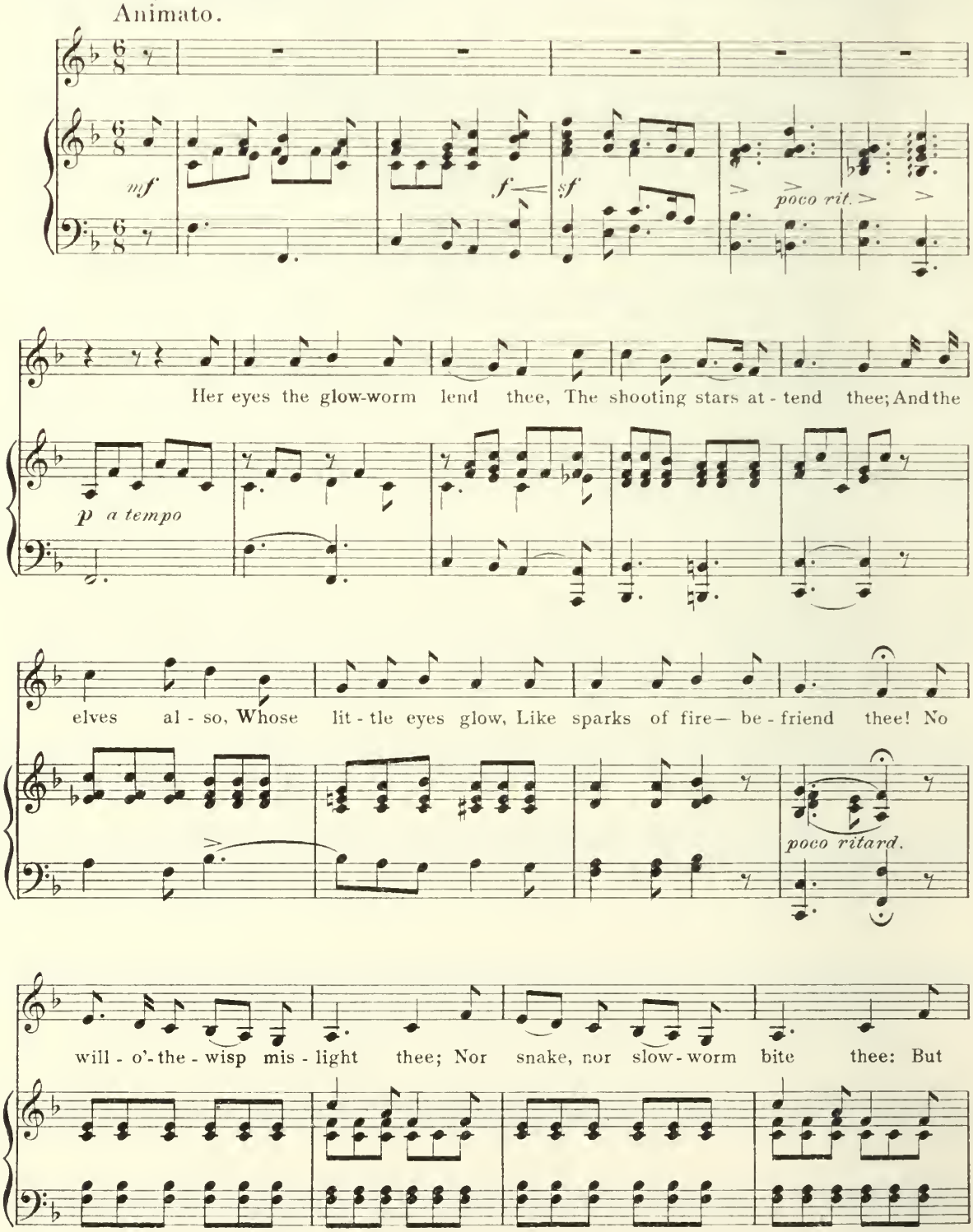

hill - side die a - way. With that
heart like the sum - mer air. I shall
sight and that sound went the light of a life, And the
ford it a - gain in the twi - light grey, 'Mid the
hope of a break - ing heart; I may turn my hor - se's
wind and the wa - ter's roar; But nev - er while life and
head and ride, For our for-tunes lie far a - part.
breath re-main,Will I cross that riv - er more.
Ped.
*

Her Eyes the Glow-Worm lend Thee.

Words by ROBERT HERRICK, (1591-1674.) Melody by Lady JOHN SCOTT.



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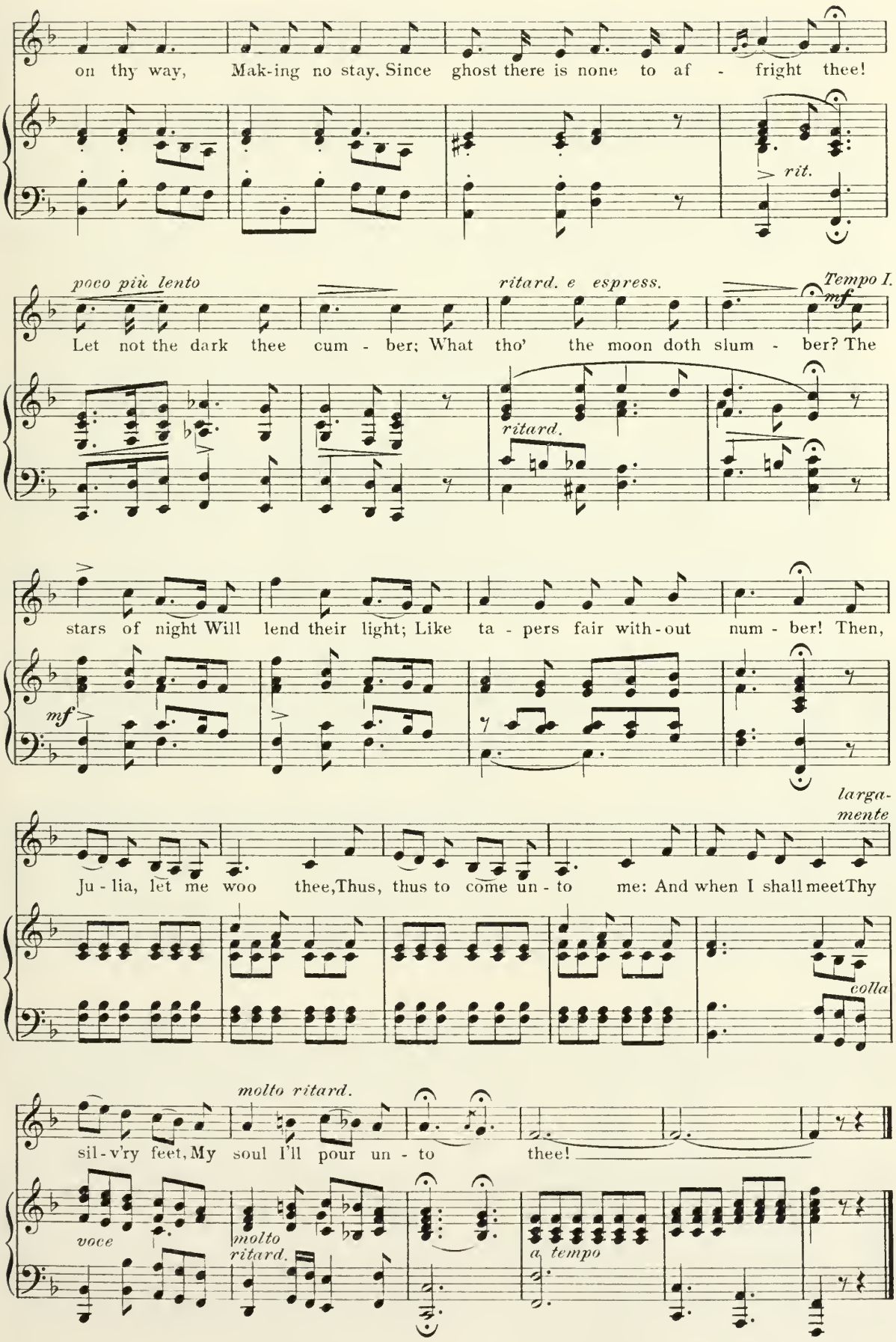
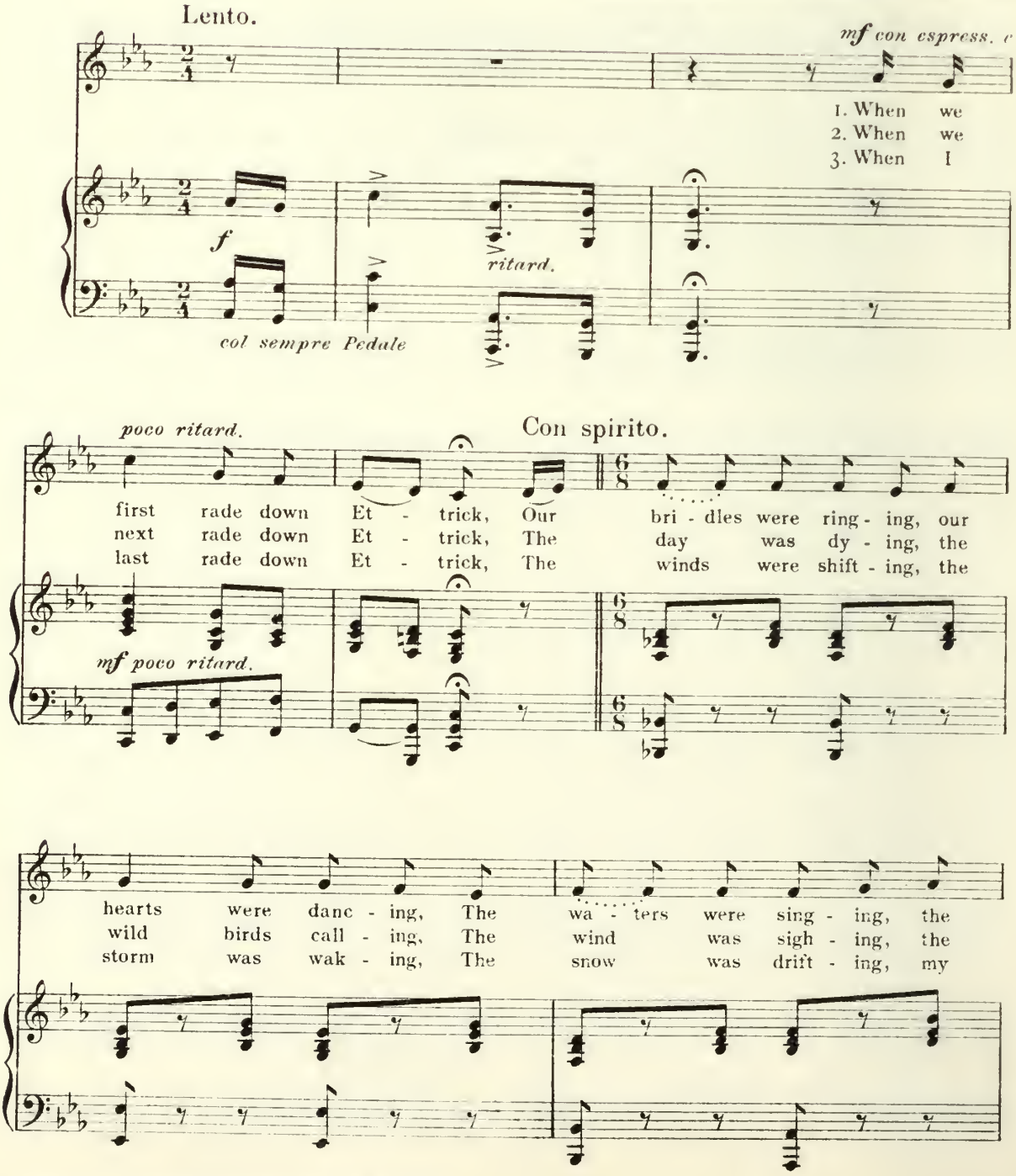

on thy way, Mak-ing no stay, Since ghost there is none to af - fright thee!
rit.
poco più lento
ritard. e espress.
Tempo I.
mf
Let not the dark thee cum - ber; What tho' the moon doth slum - ber? The
ritard.
stars of night Will lend their light; Like ta - pers fair with-out num - ber! Then,
mf
larga-
mente
Ju - lia, let me woo thee, Thus, thus to come un - to me: And when I shall meet Thy
colla
molto ritard.
sil - v'ry feet, My soul I'll pour un - to thee!
voce
molto
ritard.
a tempo

WHEN WE FIRST RADE DOWN ETTRICK.

Words and Melody by Lady JOHN SCOTT.



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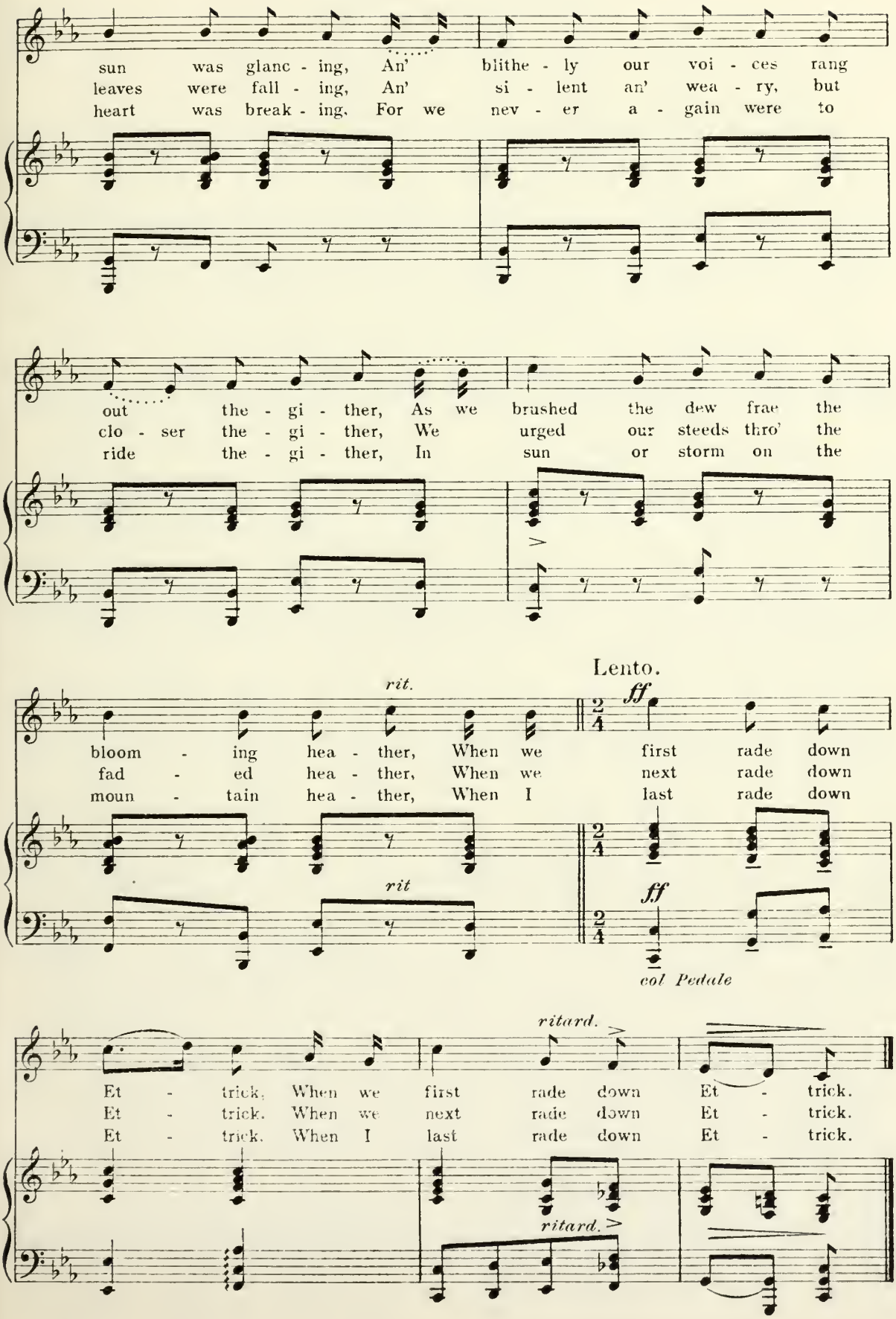
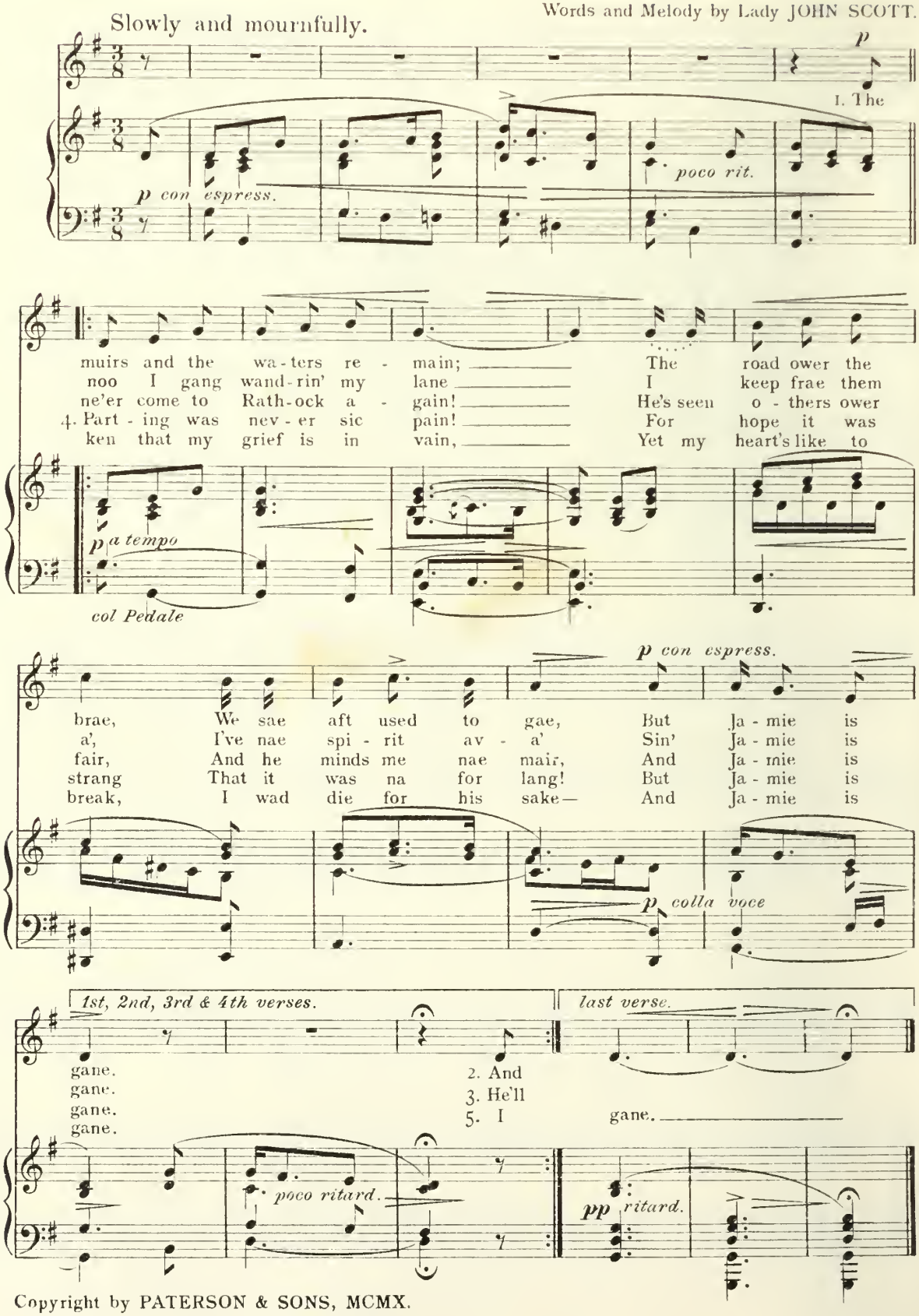

sun was glanc - ing, An' blithe - ly our voi - ces rang
leaves were fall - ing, An' si - lent an' wea - ry, but
heart was break - ing, For we nev - er a - gain were to
out the - gi - ther, As we brushed the dew frae the
clo - ser the - gi - ther, We urged our steeds thro' the
ride the - gi - ther, In sun or storm on the
Lento.
rit.
ff
bloom - ing hea - ther, When we first rade down
fad - ed hea - ther, When we next rade down
moun - tain hea - ther, When I last rade down
rit
ff
col Pedale
ritard.
Et - trick. When we first rade down Et - trick.
Et - trick. When we next rade down Et - trick.
Et - trick. When I last rade down Et - trick.
ritard.

THE FOUL FORDS.

Jamie is gane.

Words and Melody by Lady JOHN SCOTT.



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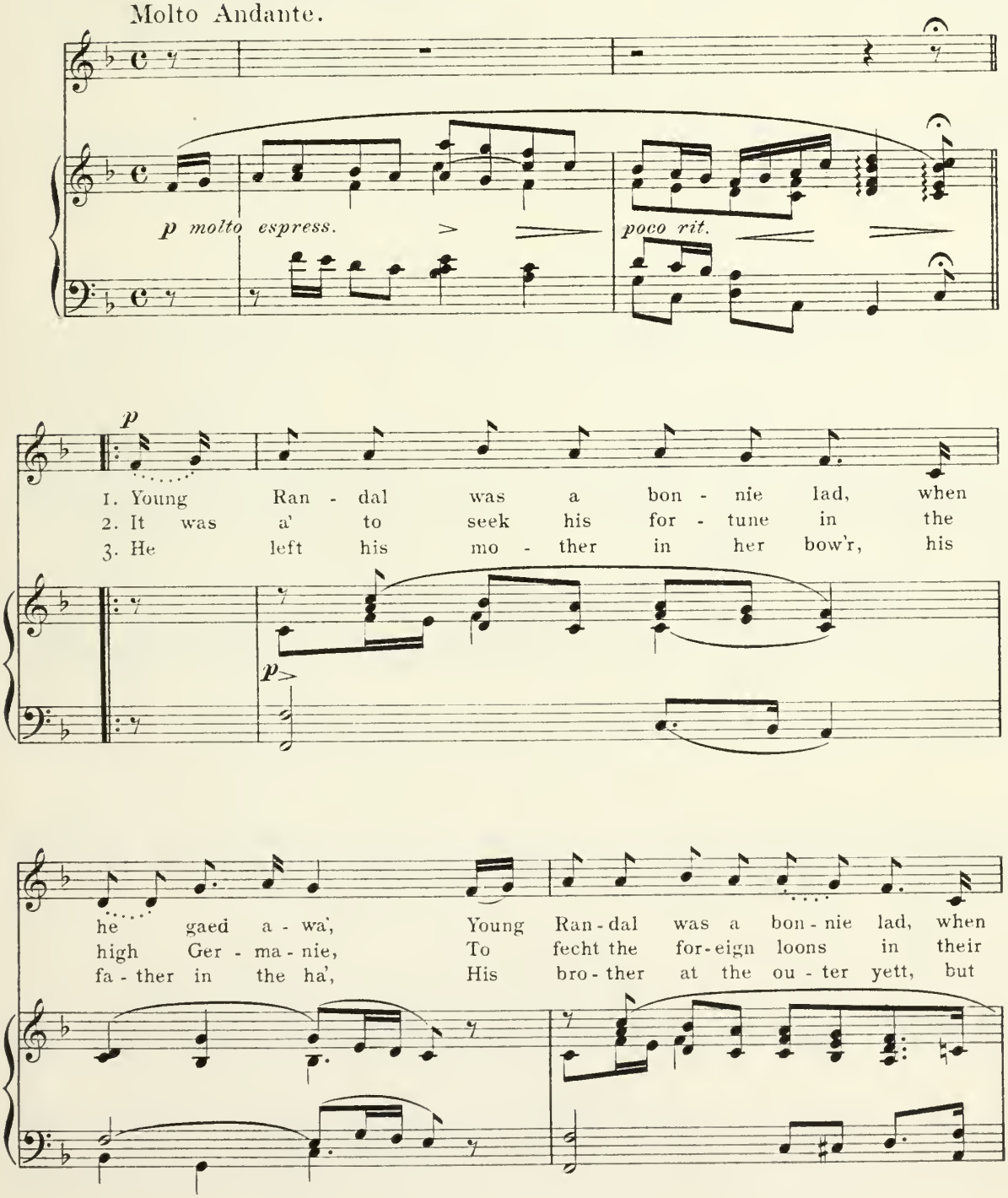
YOUNG RANDAL.

Ballad.

Words by ROBERT CHAMBERS. (1802-1871)

Melody by Lady JOHN SCOTT.



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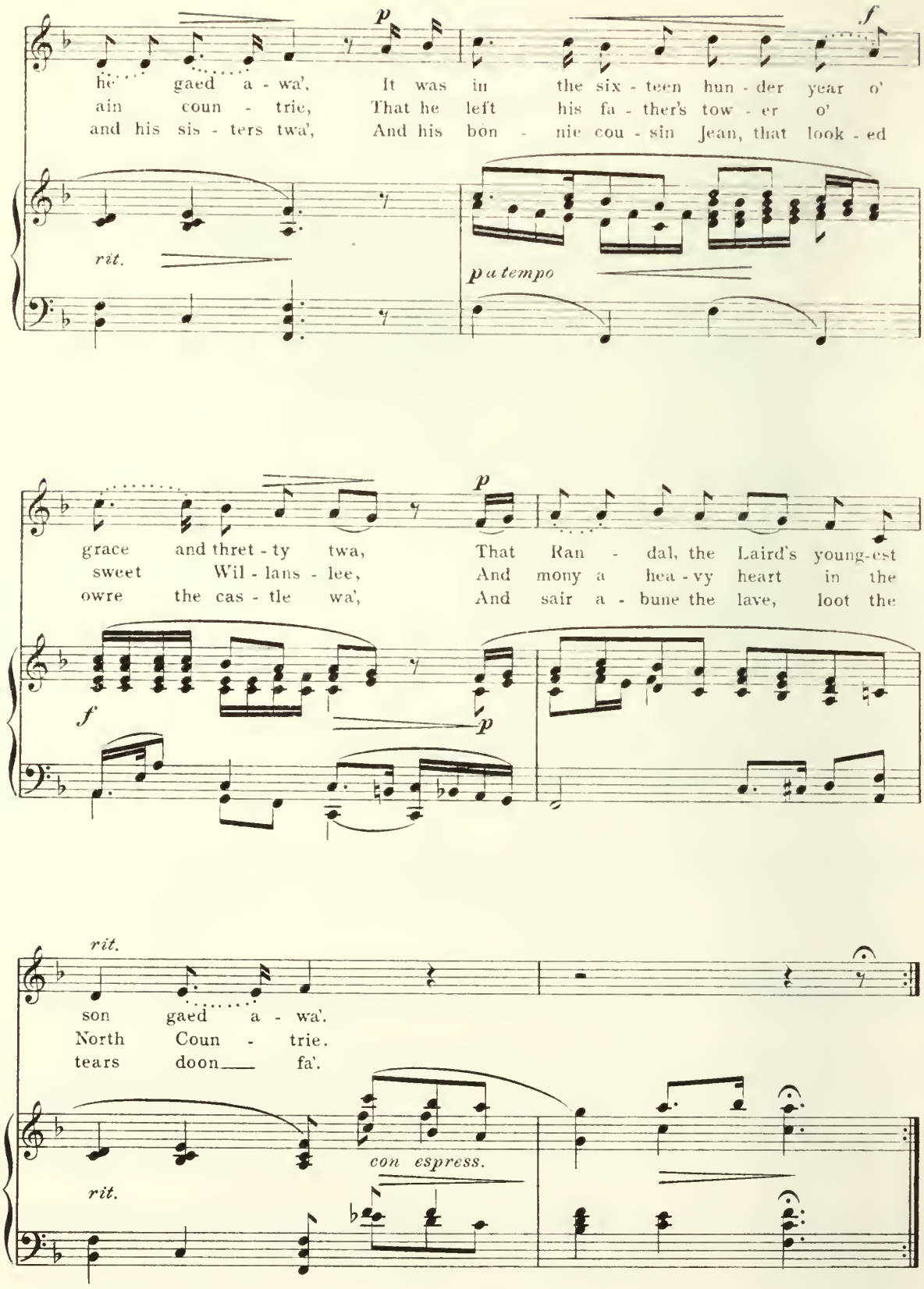

he gaed a - wa', It was in the six - teen hun - der year o'
ain coun - trie, That he left his fa - ther's tow - er o'
and his sis - ters twa', And his bon - nie cou - sin Jean, that look - ed
p
f
rit.
p a tempo
grace and thret - ty twa, That Ran - dal, the Laird's young-est
sweet Wil - lans - lee, And mony a hea - vy heart in the
owre the cas - tle wa', And sair a - bune the lave, loot the
p
f
p
rit.
son gaed a - wa'.
North Coun - trie.
tears doon fa'.
con espress.
rit.

YOUNG RANDAL.

Young Randal was a bonnie lad, when he gaed awa',
Young Randal was a bonnie lad when he gaed awa',
'Twas in the sixteen hunder year o' grace and thretty twa,
That Randal, the laird's youngest son gaed awa.

It was a' to seek his fortune in the high Germanie,
To fecht the foreign loons in their ain Countrie
That he left his father's tower o' sweet Willanslee,
And mony a heavy heart in the North Countrie.

He left his mother in her bow'r, his father in the ha',
His brother at the outer yett, but and his sisters twa',
And his bonnie cousin Jean, that looked owre the castle wa',
And sair abune the lave, loot the tears doon fa'.

"Oh, whan will ye be back," sae kindly did she speir,
"Oh, whan will ye be back, my hinny and my dear?"
"Whenever I can win eneuch o' Spanish gear,
To dress ye out in pearlins and silks, my dear."

Oh, Randal's hair was coal-black when he gaed awa'—
Oh, Randal's cheeks were roses red when he gaed awa',
And in his bonnie e'e, a spark glintet high,
Like the merrie, merrie lark in the morning sky.

Oh, Randal was an alter'd man whan he came hame—
A sair alter'd man was he when he came hame:
Wi' a ribbon at his breast, and a Sir afore his name—
And wi' grey, grey locks did Randal come hame.

He lichted at the outer yett, and rispit wi' the ring,
And down came a lady to see him come in,
And after the lady came bairns fifteen:
"Can this muckle wife be my true-love Jean?"

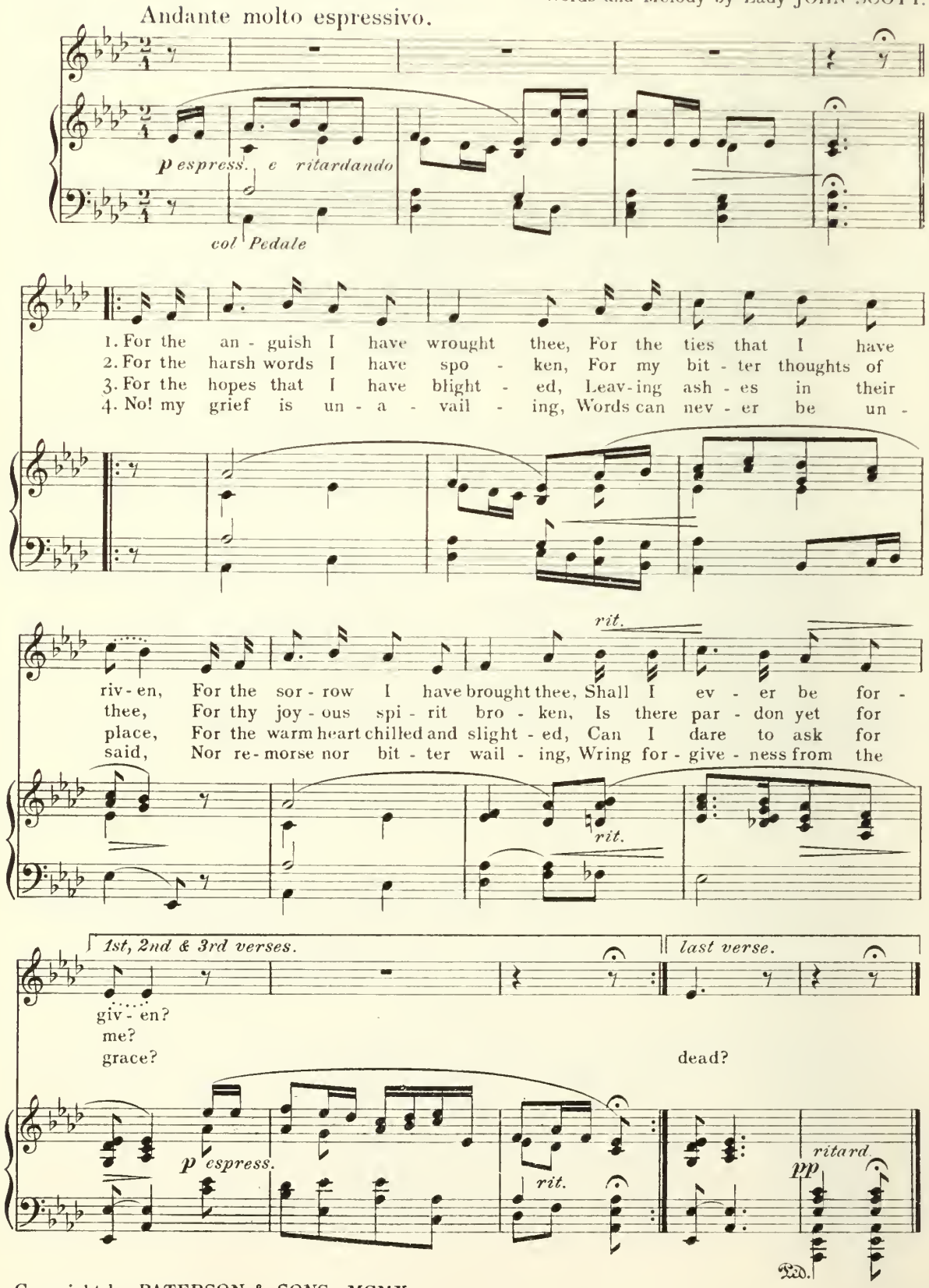
"Whatna a stoure carle is this," quo' the dame,
"Sae gruff and sae grand, sae feckless and sae lame?"
"Oh, tell me, fair madam, are ye bonnie Jeanie Graham?"
"In troth," quo' the lady, "ye hae guess'd my name."

He turned him about wi' a waefu' e'e,
And a heart as sair as a heart could be;
He lap upon his horse, and awa' did wildly flee,
And never mair came back to sweet Willanslee.

Oh, dule upon the poortith o' this countrie,
And dule upon the wars o' the high Germanie,
And dule upon the love, that forgetfu' can be,
For they've wreck'd the bravest heart in the hale countrie

REMORSE.

Words and Melody by Lady JOHN SCOTT.



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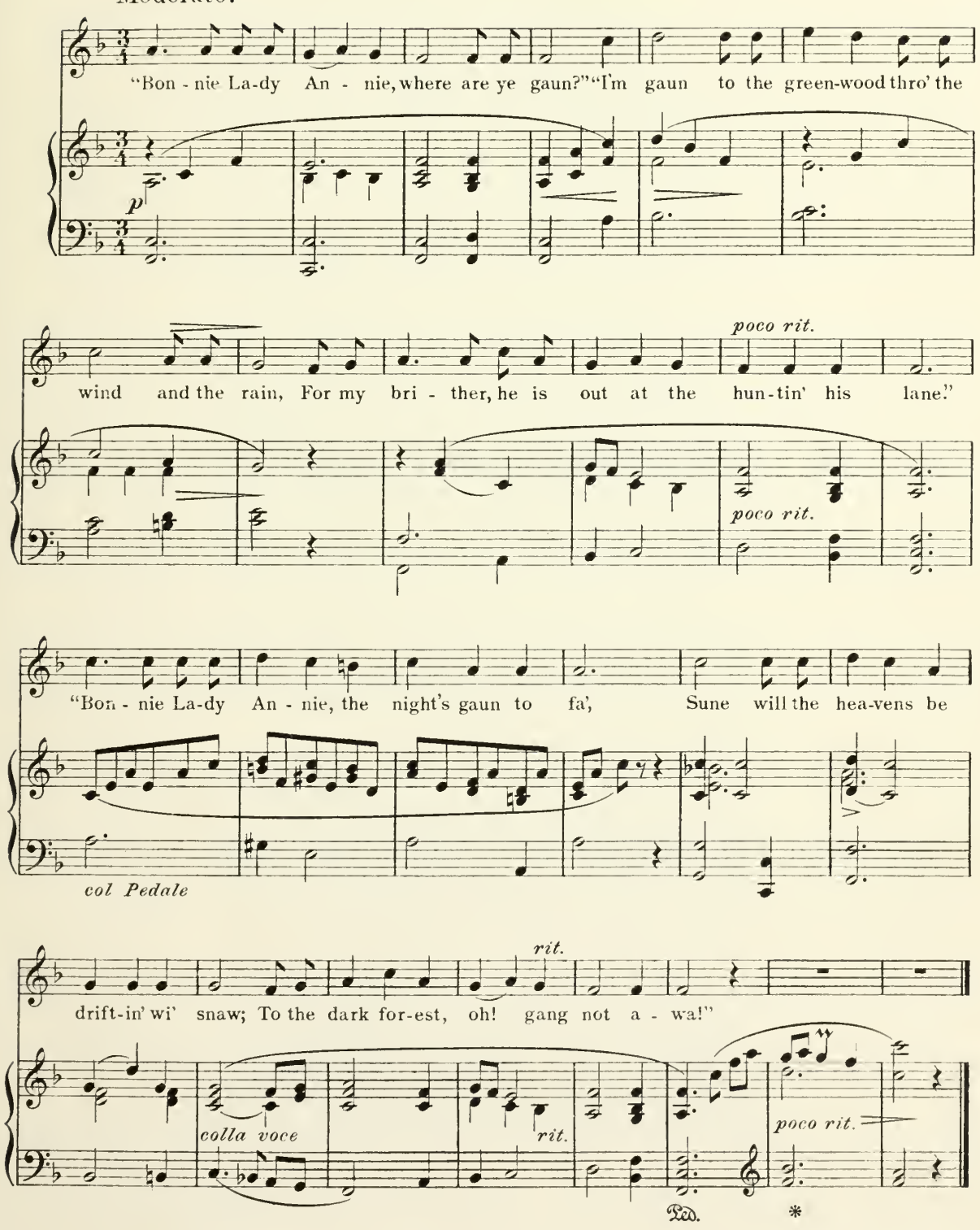
THE CRUEL STEPMOTHER.

Ballad.

Words and Melody by Lady JOHN SCOTT.



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The Cruel Stepmother.

"Bonnie Lady Annie, where are ye gaun?"
"I'm gaun to the green-wood through the wind and the rain,
For my brither, he is out at the huntin' his lane."
"Bonnie Lady Annie, the night's gaun to fa'
Sune will the heavens be driftin' wi' snaw;
To the dark forest, oh! gang not awa!"

"Through wind and through snawdrift this night I maun gang
For my brither has bidden at the huntin' owre lang
An' I fear in my heart, there is something wrang."
"Gang to your stepmother, my bonnie Leddy Anne,
Ask three o' her horses, and twa o' her men,
An' they'll bring your brither sune home again."

To her stepmother's bower Lady Annie's gane doon,
An' lowly an' tremblin' she begged the boon,
The Lady turned round and answered her soon.
"My men's by the fire, my horse in the sta';
They'll no gang the night for Lord John through the snaw,
If he bide or they seek him, he'll no come ava!"

Lady Annie turned round wi' the tear in her e'e.
"Weel Madam" she said, if nae better maun be,
Will ye grant your wee doggie to seek him wi' me?"
"The night it is mirk, and the wind's blawin' snell,
Asleep at my fit my doggie's as well,
If ye're wantin' Lord John, ye may seek him yersel."

She's waded the moss, and she's forded the burn,
An' she's up the brae face wi' mony a turn,
An' wearied she's won to the Forest o' Morne.
Cauld drave the snaw through her lang yellow hair.
"Ochon" quo' Lady Annie wi' mony a tear,
"Were our father at home, I wadna been here!"

To the East and the West, she's seekin' him gane,
In the mirk mid-night through the forest her lane,
Cryin' aye as she gaed, "Oh Johnnie come hame."
Through the cauld snaw she gaed widely and far,
Wi' naethin' to guide her, neither moonlight nor star;
Sad was the seeking—but the finding was waur!

Doun at the fit o' a bonnie birk tree,
Lying low in the snaw Lord John did she see,
But cauld was his cheek and dim was his e'e.
His red heart's blude was ebbing fu' fast,
In the Forest o' Morne he had hunted his last;
His hounds at his fit howled wild to the blast.

"There's nae need to ask, for but ane it can be
Wad hae dune sic a deed, my Johnnie, to thee,
It's our stepmother's wark"—"Ye say truly" quo' he.
"On the braes o' the forest it's pleasant to dee
Fu' saftly I lie, wi' the snaw driftin' free
An' the birk trees are wavin' a welcome to me."

"Our cruel stepmother can harm me nae mair!
I'm gaun to a land she'll no grudge me to heir,
Where nae fause hand can reach, and the heart's never sair."
"The kind earth's beneath us, the heavens are abune;
My brither, we'll sleep a lang sleep and a soun'."
An' slowly an' weary Lady Annie lay doun.

There are lights in the forest, an' a sound in the air;
O' horsemen approaching wi' the speed o' despair,
An' the Baron o' Morne, the foremost is there.
Oh sair was his heart and a wud man was he,
"My bairns! whom I lo'ed as the light o' my e'e,
Hae they hunted ye doun to the wild woods to dee?"

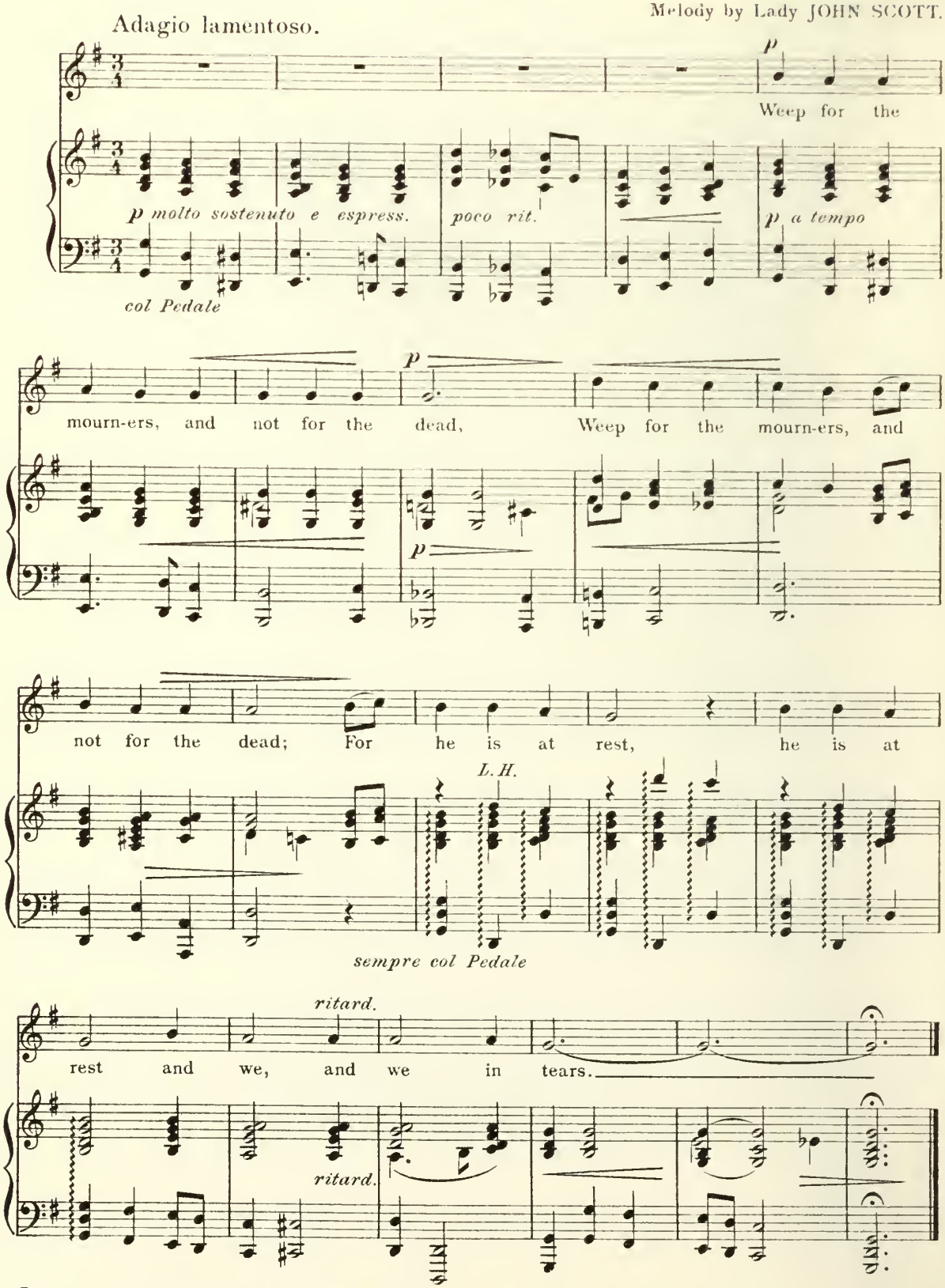
Oh sad were the words that passed thir three atween
Lord John and Lady Annie were weary, I ween,
An' their voices turned faint, and dull grew their e'en.
The high hills were round them, but higher than a'
Their spirits or daybreak had mouted awa,
An' the Baron o' Morne was his lane in the snaw.

Their cruel stepmother to the dungeon he's ta'en;
An' there has he bound her wi' mony a chain,
An' the sweet light o' heaven, she ne'er saw again.
He's banished her son—saying "Were't no for the sake
O' his prayer that's awa, and my word I'll no break,
Baith you and your mither should hae brunt at the stake."

WEEP FOR THE MOURNERS.

A Dirge.

Melody by Lady JOHN SCOTT.



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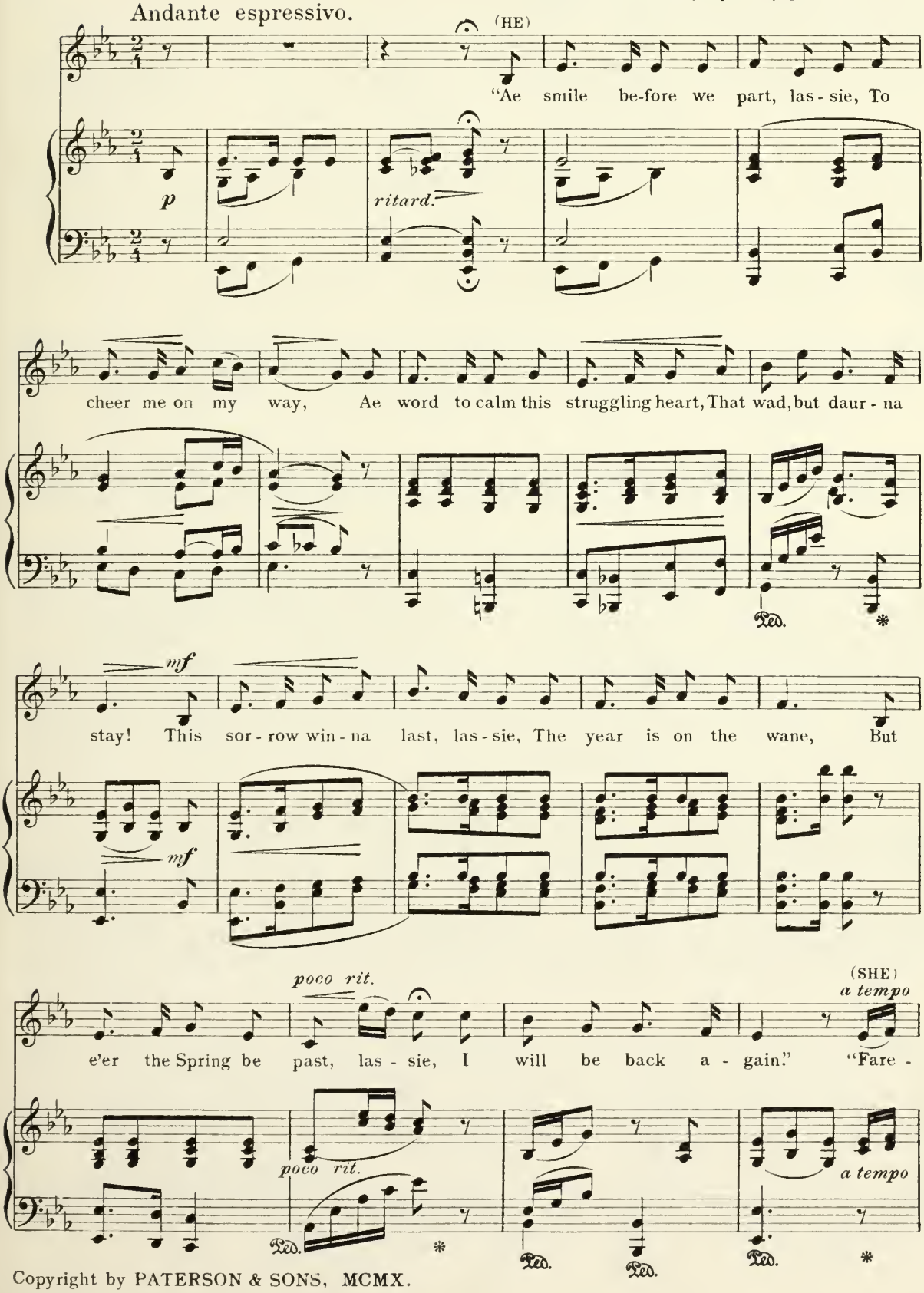
AE SMILE BEFORE WE PART, LASSIE!

Vocal Duet.

Words and Melody by Lady JOHN SCOTT.



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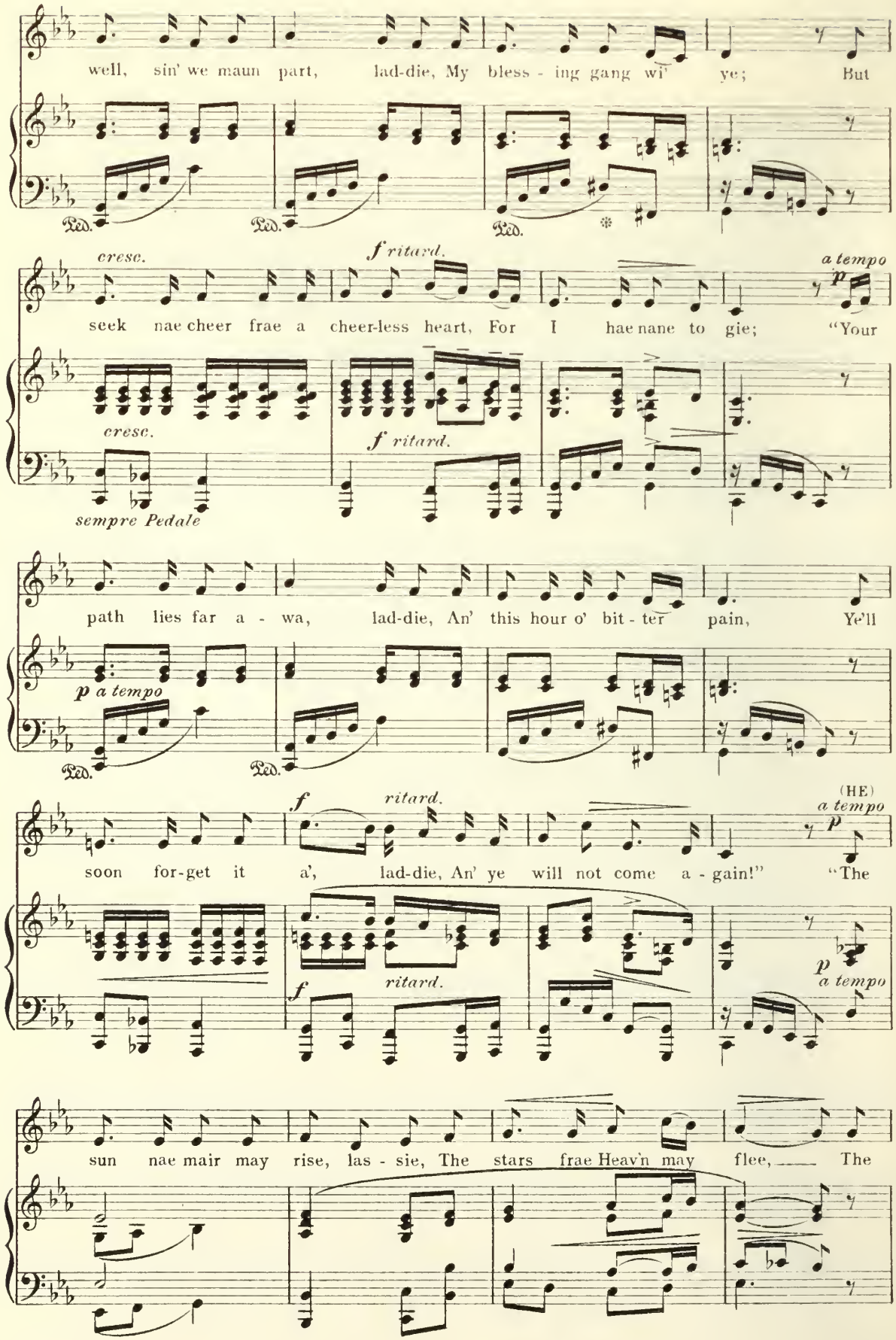
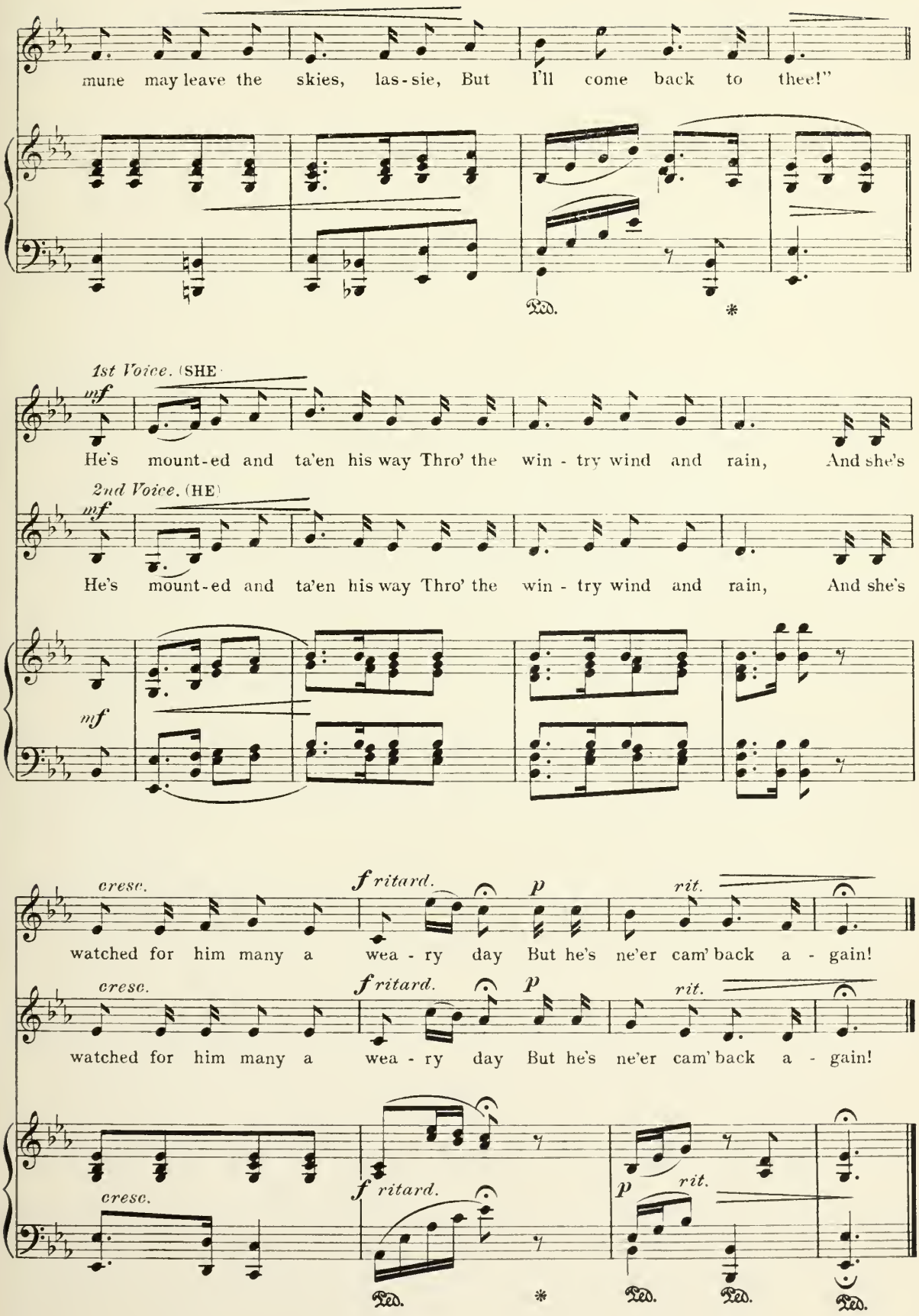

well, sin' we maun part, lad-die, My bless - ing gang wi' ye; But
cresc.
f ritard.
a tempo
p
seek nae cheer frae a cheer-less heart, For I hae nane to gie; "Your
cresc.
f ritard.
sempre Pedale
path lies far a - wa, lad-die, An' this hour o' bit - ter pain, Ye'll
p a tempo
f
ritard.
(HE)
a tempo
p
soon for-get it a', lad-die, An' ye will not come a - gain!" "The
f
ritard.
p
a tempo
sun nae mair may rise, las - sie, The stars frae Heav'n may flee, The


mune may leave the skies, las-sie, But I'll come back to thee!"
Ped.
*
1st Voice. (SHE)
mf
He's mount-ed and ta'en his way Thro' the win-try wind and rain, And she's
2nd Voice. (HE)
mf
He's mount-ed and ta'en his way Thro' the win-try wind and rain, And she's
mf
cresc.
f ritard.
p
rit.
watched for him many a wea-ry day But he's ne'er cam' back a-gain!
cresc.
f ritard.
p
rit.
watched for him many a wea-ry day But he's ne'er cam' back a-gain!
cresc.
f ritard.
p
rit.
Ped.
*
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

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